THE SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY

VOL. I OCTOBER, 1909 No. 3

ENCOURAGEMENTS OF TEACHING

EDGAR THACKRAY, M.A., Ph.D.

THE interest and significance of our duties as teachers ought to be regarded as the chief encouragement, for that is the case with all callings; e.g., if a physician feels that the science of medicine is so empirical and experimental as to be of little use he will not feel greatly encouraged to pursue his calling with enthusiasm, since enthusiasm goes along with the most exalted ideas of the worth and importance of one's services.

It is not otherwise with the teacher who will do much better work and have more pleasure in it the more sensible he becomes of the call there is for him. When we reflect how much delight a sculptor will find in the shaping of the dead marble, surely the teacher must fairly revel in the shaping of human lives. There is something imperial in human nature. In fact when Genesis tells us that man was made in the image of God we should understand that the likeness consisted in that dominion which was given to man over every living thing. Some men are content with dominion over dead things, but there is something not quite satisfactory about that, e.g., when the famous sculptor Pygmalion had expended the greatest wealth of his art upon the statue of an ideal woman, the only woman he could prevail upon himself to love, he was deeply discontented because the statue did not live and could neither appreciate nor return his passion.

How different it is when we go to work on living material. Here we may enjoy the *fullest* satisfaction, chiefly because of the presence of the powers of growth and reaction which we do not find in the dead material.

Now the marble will retain the strokes of the artist's chisel for centuries, almost exactly as they were made at first. But it is not like that with the work of the teacher. The rude impressions which he makes on the child's mind fortunately do not remain for ever. To speak of the teacher making an impression at all, i.e., to suppose the mind of the child to be like wax or white paper is as old an error in psychology as to speak of the sun rising is in astronomy.

The Sunday school scholar should not be regarded as some physical thing upon which impressions are to be made in a mechanical way, but as a living organism to which food may be offered that may or may not be digested, and even when well taken will be transformed into the organism that takes it.

It should be a great comfort to the teacher, conscious of his imperfections, to feel that his scholars have such a wonderful power of assimilation, for assimilation means the discernment of good and bad. The healthy scholar will often have instincts leading him to feed his soul upon the good and the true, neglecting the rest which the teacher may inadvertently offer him.

But even in case the scholar should swallow a lie or anything else that is not good for him, there is a possibility of throwing it off before any great mischief has been done. There is something so un-nourishing in evil that it is destined sooner or later to be outgrown.

If it were otherwise the responsibility

of the teacher would be greater than he could bear. His position would be intolerable if any mistake he might make in judgment, method, or doctrine were to inflict an ineffaceable mark.

No, he may, on the other hand, often comfort himself with the thought that whilst much of the imperfection of his teaching is overlooked by the scholar, much of the good which is not consciously offered is gratefully welcomed.

I mean that the good intentions of the teacher, his warm personal affections, his sunny disposition, the good things which he never deliberately offers to them in any definite lesson nevertheless sink deep into their hearts and bear perhaps more fruit than any of his verbal teachings.

All this is because those whom we teach are living and growing, taking up nutriment on every hand, and sensitive in a very high degree to personal influences. Thus the teacher who has great pain in getting himself expressed may take courage from the fact that his words are not the only things he teaches with.

Indeed I believe the time is coming when verbal and book instruction will not occupy the almost exclusive place which it now holds. There needs to be more scope for those teachers who may not be very wordy but who are none the less full of artistic feeling and quite competent to convey noble ideas through the medium of sketches or music.

There is a young lady teacher in the north of England who has recently enlivened the pages of a Sunday school text book by making sketches to illustrate it whenever it tells a story or gives an example. For this purpose (and indeed for other purposes) more use might be found for a blackboard in our schools.

More attention might also be given to the learning and proper recital of poetry and the rhythmical portions of the Bible or other good books, and it would be so much the better if a bit of musical drill could be introduced.

The encouragement for this is that human nature, especially when at its freshest, can imbibe the spirit of religion in so many ways that it seems a pity to confine ourselves to only one way, especially seeing that not all teachers find it easy to teach in this one way of talking or reading. You may object that this is making the Sunday school too much like the everyday school.

Well, it would not be a bad thing if our Sunday schools *were* a bit more like day schools in some things, such as punctuality and order; and then, the day school has come to be such an attractive place that children take quite a pleasure in going.

But the grand thing that could be achieved by a Sunday school would be to show what religious significance could be drawn from the everyday disciplines taught elsewhere, though not always under the influence of a gracious personality.

We might show the connection of drill with graceful courteous manners. Pictures or sketches could be made to fill the imagination for a permanent moral good. The rhythm of music and poetry ought to be made to lead up to a well-ordered rhythmical life.

In words put into the mouth of Socrates: 'Ought we not to seek out artists who by the power of genius can trace out the nature of the fair and the graceful that our youths, dwelling as it were in a fair and healthful region, may drink in good from every quarter, whence any emanation from noble works may strike upon their eye or their ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly from their earliest childhood into resemblance, love, and harmony with the true beauty of reason?'

A young girl who had been brought up in an Anglican Sunday school recently began to attend one of our schools in Cheshire, and was disgusted to find that the subject of instruction was history. Her ideas of Sunday school work never went beyond the learning of collects, creeds, commandments, and scripture. All else was to her profane.

Of course we have travelled much beyond that, and can see the hand of God in the history of our own country just as much as in the Biblical history of the Jews. It should be our aim then to sanctify our everyday life and the everyday school life of our schclars, making them feel that they are surrounded by an atmosphere of beauty and of love. It is a distinct encouragement that we can do this in such a variety of ways.

There is another encouragement for the teacher arising out of the fact that he is working upon living, growing material,

and that is the fact that his influence does not stop with those who come directly under it. The most important kind of human growth is social growth, viz., that which depends upon our environment and the reaction we make. Thus the scholar cannot live or grow by himself. His development under the hands of a good teacher is bound to bring along some other life.

Thus the work of the religious teacher is nobler than that of a sculptor or a painter, in so far as the material upon which he works is nobler. The marble or the canvas may be destroyed, but the spiritual life once imparted to another must ever continue.

So far the teacher has been represented as the one who provides food, and the scholar as the one passively to receive it. We have tried to see an encouragement in the fact that the healthy scholar has an appetite for the spiritual nourishment which we try to bring. But there is still more encouragement to be gained from a reflection on the more active functions of the scholar. We hinted at these in referring to that discernment involved in the process of assimilation, for there is a certain amount of activity involved in judging between what is good and what is not good in that which a teacher may have to offer.

But the real fun begins when the scholar commences articulately to react upon what his teacher offers him.

No joy can equal that of the teacher when after long weeks of sowing the good seed, and it may be watering it with his tears because the ground seemed so hard and dry, a little shoot suddenly appears above ground in the shape of a bright responsive smile or, better still, a puzzling question.

On such an occasion the right sort of teacher will rub his hands with delight and bend all his powers to the answering of that question in a way which will elicit some more.

'Why,' some of you may say, 'this is usually the period of disillusion and *dis*-couragement—the time when the teacher is surprised and grieved to find how little of the seed has taken root and how much of his labour appears to have been wasted.'

That, however, depends on the teacher. If he has been expecting too much from his labour (which is very likely), of course he will be disappointed. But if he takes into account that up to this time he has been working more or less in the dark, he will feel overjoyed at the least visible return. When the scholar emerges into the light of day and turns out some of his mind into the form of a little question, the work of the teacher has received its first signal encouragement, and from that time need never look back.

This does not mean that the work of teaching at once becomes easy and all plain sailing. Far from it, for now it is not merely a question of grappling with a lesson to be taught, but also with some young mind or minds in relation to that lesson. All the windings, the apparent perversities, and seemingly manufactured difficulties have to be followed with the utmost patience and sympathy, but all the time the teacher feels that his work is telling, and he is content to bide his time and the time of the scholars.

Nay, he has even confidence enough occasionally to abandon himself entirely to the successive interrogations of his class, feeling the keenest possible interest in the way in which a fresh exuberant mind will twist and turn what appears to him as a plain and simple teaching, or especially an innocent metaphor.

In Miss Allcott's 'Little Women' there is a good example of this sort of thing:

'Demi [one of the twins], like a true Yankee, was of an inquiring turn, wanting to know everything, and often getting much disturbed because he could not get satisfactory answers to his perpetual "What for?"

'He also possessed a philosophic bent, to the great delight of his grandfather, who used to hold Socratic conversations with him, in which the precocious pupil occasionally posed his teacher, to the undisguised satisfaction of the women folk.

'"What makes my legs go, Dranpa?" asked the young philosopher, surveying those active portions of his frame with a meditative air.

'"It's your little mind," replied the sage, stroking the yellow head.

'"What is a little mine?"

'"It is something which makes your body move, as the spring made the wheels go in my watch when I showed it you."

'"Open me, I want to see it go wound."

'"I can't do that, any more than you could open the watch. God winds you up and you go till he stops you."

'"Does I?" and Demi's brown eyes grew big and bright as he took in the new thought. "Is I wounded like the watch?"

'"Yes, but I can't show you how, for it is done when we don't see."

'Demi felt his back, as if expecting to find it like that of the watch, and then gravely remarked:

'"I dess Dod does it when I'se asleep."

'A careful explanation followed, to which he listened so attentively that his anxious grandmother said:

'"My dear, do you think it wise to talk about such things to that baby? He is getting great bumps over his eyes, and learning to ask the most unanswerable questions."

'"If he is old enough to ask the questions, he is old enough to receive true answers. I am not putting the thoughts into his head, but helping him to unfold those already there. These children are wiser than we are, and I have no doubt the boy understands every word I have said to him."

'"Now, Demi, tell me where you keep your mind."

'If the boy had replied, like Alcibiades: "By the Gods, Socrates, I cannot tell," his grandfather wouldn't have been surprised; but when, after standing for a moment on one leg like a young stork, he answered in a tone of calm conviction: "In my little belly," the old gentleman could only join in grandma's laugh, and dismiss the class in metaphysics.'

This you see was a somewhat rude blow to a most painstaking teacher, and yet to him it was a great encouragement to know how the little fellow's thought had been working, even though the child *had* so extravagantly misapplied the simile of the mainspring.

It was something to know how the mistake had arisen, and the incident would tend to make him in the future more guarded in the choice and use of metaphors. This brings us to an important advantage which may be gained by teaching, and which may therefore be regarded as an encouragement in the work. This is the advantage of being made to realise the fluidity of language and the consequent need there is for constant variance of it in accordance with the age and capacity of those whom we try to teach.

In religion, where the *vis verborum* is so universally recognised, this is an invaluable lesson. It means that the teacher gradually acquires a grasp of the real facts of religion without being bound to any set form of words, sound or otherwise. He can answer with an enthusiastic affirmative Paul's great question: Thou that teachest others, teachest thou not also thyself?

When it is said that our language must vary owing to the age and capacity of the scholars, there is no implication of insincerity or an ignoble expediency. There is, however, an implication of personal intercourse, which is an ideal far too little realised in our schools.

Teaching, as distinct from preaching or lecturing, is a much more individual handling of others. This means a great deal of work, such as visiting the homes, directing the reading and the amusements, in short, making ourselves the personal friends of the scholars.

In this there should be a careful guarding against mere personal fondness or favouritism; but as the variety of temperament and character will be so great, it will be impossible for a teacher to profess a sincere regard for each one unless that regard be based upon a fervent love of souls.

It has been said that the teacher should feel himself to be like a tutor in a family of princes, i.e., we should feel that there is something inherently noble about every member of the class, which of course provides a very different motive from that which arises from the contemplation of their souls as *lost* or in danger. The motive should be one rather of wonder than of pity. That great Scotch teacher Abernethy, on arriving one morning at his class of bright young students, reverently took off his hat to them and exclaimed: 'Good God, what is to become of you all!'

The possibilities are to be shaped very largely by the hands of the teachers, and here too lies their opportunity, their encouragement.

Another encouragement of teaching, in the broad sense, is that it enables a man

to keep ever young. This is no quack remedy blazed abroad by means of vulgar advertisements. It is a secret known only to teachers and those who love the society of the young. By far the most attractive portions of Mr. Hall's admirable 'Life of Martineau' are the pleasant memories contributed by the daughter of the great man, Miss Gertrude Martineau. Referring to her father, Miss Martineau says: 'When he had a little time to spare he was the best of playfellows. I remember games of hunt the slipper in which he tried to hide the slipper under his long legs or coat tails; and games of hide and seek over the whole house, and how when we had discovered him behind a door or curtain there came the kind of glorious terror of running downstairs with leaps and bounds, with him flying after.

'Then I recall the absurd faces he used to make to amuse us, and the sort of alarm with which we remembered being told of some one who pulled a face and could never get right again, and we cried out, "Oh, papa, do come right, or *you'll stick*," and how he laughed as his face took the proper shape again.'

No wonder Martineau lived to a great age, with such a childlike spirit; and when Jesus declared that unless we became as little children we could not enter the kingdom of heaven, he would most certainly include this capacity for joyous play which can best be retained by adults through their frequent intercourse with the young.

A teacher, as I have already hinted, should try to appreciate the whole life of his scholars, and that will mean a lively interest in their games as well as in their studies. In this department he has the supreme encouragement of feeling himself rejuvenated in a way which is quite unique.

The teacher in the Sunday school appears to me to be taking a most wise and important step towards obeying the injunction of Jesus that has just been quoted. It is not an easy thing for the man of care and of experience of the wicked and the faithless to retain, as a result of his seasoned experience, the unanxious joys, the loving trusts, which are in the child so spontaneous and instinctive. Yet Jesus is very emphatic about it, and what he says *must* be done usually can be done, and the way to do it is by making ourselves into warm, whole-hearted friends of the children.

We meet together from time to time to confer with one another about the best *methods* of teaching religion to the young. We do well. But let us not rely too much on methods, for these can never act as a substitute for men—men with the childlike heart and a deeply religious spirit.

The fierce satire of a Carlyle has still a force beyond those against whom he more particularly directed it:—

'How teach religion?' he asks. 'By playing with liturgies, catechisms, credos; droning thirty-nine or other articles into the infant ear? Friends! in that case why not apply to Birmingham and have machines made and set up at all street corners, in highways and byways, to repeat and vociferate the same, not ceasing night or day. Depend upon it, Birmingham can make machines to repeat liturgies and articles, to do whatsoever feat is mechanical. Votes of two million in aid of the church were then something. You order at so many pounds a head as many thousand iron parsons as your grant covers and fix them by satisfactory masonry in all quarters wheresoever wanted to preach there independent of the world. In loud thoroughfares, still more in unawakened districts troubled with argumentative infidelity, you make the wind pipes wider, strengthen the main steam cylinder; your parson preaches to the due pitch, while you give him coal, and fears no man or thing. Here were a church extension to which I with my last penny, did I believe in it, would subscribe. . . .

'But can dronings of articles, repetitions of liturgies, and all the cash and contrivances of Birmingham and the Bank of England united bring ethereal fire into a human soul and quicken it out of earthly darkness into heavenly wisdom?

'Soul is kindled only by soul.

'To teach religion the first thing needful and also the last and only thing is finding a man who *has* religion. All else follows from this, and without this *nothing* will follow.'

In listening to these severe words let us have the sense to take home to ourselves a rebuke, if ever we have thought to do the work of teaching religion by any sort of soulless mechanical method. We can

find no encouragement in that. Indeed, I would venture to suggest that many of our disappointments and discouragements are due to the fact that we regard the work as a mechanical drudgery rather than an approach of soul to soul. If only we were consumed with a passion for precious human lives at their time of brightest promise and sweetest grace, our difficulties would melt away with the fervent heat thereof, and our various tasks as teachers would become a perpetual delight.

THE WREKIN: AN ALLEGORY

H. L. JONES, M.A.

[The following was given at a Sunday morning service at Willaston School instead of an address. The Wrekin had been visited by the boys two days before.]

A CERTAIN man once lived in a town at the foot of a mountain that rose steeply out of the plain. And one day a friend came to lodge with him—a youth not yet come to man's estate. 'Take me up your mountain,' he said; 'I have heard much of it and of all that may be seen from the top.' 'Not now,' replied the man, 'it would be dark before we could return. We will go to-morrow.'

So when the morrow came they took food enough for the day, and set forth on their journey. After a while the road by which they went began to rise. 'Good!' cried the youth, 'we are beginning to climb.' 'Not yet,' said his friend; 'soon the road will sink again, until it reaches the foot of the mountain; then we shall begin to climb.' 'Oh, do not let us go down again!' said the youth; 'let us make our way up this steep slope on the left that we may the sooner reach the top.' 'We should reach it later and not sooner,' answered his friend; 'this is not the mountain that we have to climb—it is but a hill, between which and the mountain lies a deep valley; and this we should have to cross if we went the way you wish. I know, because once I tried that way myself.'

'But surely it is better to keep rising all the time,' said the youth. 'Very well,' said his friend, 'you go your way, and I will keep on mine; and we will see which is sooner at the top.' The young man then left the road, and plunged up through the trees and brushwood, finding his way as best he could, for there was no path. Suddenly he came out on to an open space, and saw before him the valley as his friend had said, and the mountain on the farther side. So he must needs climb down the hill side to the road below; and there he found his friend awaiting him.

'Now we have reached the mountain,' said the man; 'let us turn in at this gate, and go up the path beyond.' 'But here is a broad road, not so steep,' said the youth, 'cannot we reach the top by taking this? I am hot and weary with my climb.' 'By that road you could also go,' his friend replied; 'but at the end you must leave it, and take a path that is very rough and very steep. I know, because once I tried that way myself.' The youth made no answer; and together they took the narrow path that wound up the mountain side.

When they had climbed for some time they came upon a house, that stood midway between the summit and the plain. Let us rest here awhile,' said the youth, 'and refresh ourselves. The day is hot, and these trees throw a pleasant shade.' 'Nay,' said his friend, 'we have food and drink enough already, and have no need to buy more. Let us climb a little further, and I will show you where we may rest, and also look down upon the plain below which here we cannot see—these trees shut off the view.' So on they went. And at last they came to a crest which the young man took to be the mountain top; but when they reached it he saw that the ground still rose beyond. 'We will rest here,' said the man; 'and if you turn and look back you will see the way we have come, and much besides.'

'What is that town,' asked the youth, 'down there to the left?' 'That is the town from which we have come.' 'But does it spread so far? I thought it was but a little one.' 'That was because you saw but a little part of it. And see how many roads lead to it—the one by which you came was not the only one by which men were passing yesterday into the town.' 'And what is the hill that rises to the right?' 'That is the hill up which you climbed; and now you see the valley that divides it from the mountain we are on.' 'Yes,' said the youth, 'I see it

clearly now. But let us be going on—I long to reach the top.'

They went down from the crest, and on, up through the pines beyond, till at length they came out on the rocks that formed the summit. 'The air is so fresh and keen that I am weary no longer,' said the youth. 'Let us not stay here, but let us seek another height to scale.' 'Better rest awhile,' said his friend. 'At least we are hungry; and we may yet be weary ere we reach home again. From here too you may see something that you have not seen before. Those distant hills we may some day climb. Now they are far away, and we cannot see them well for the mist and heat. If you should come another day, after storm and rain, you would see them clearly, and the mountains far beyond, that now we cannot see at all.' 'And what is that little stream winding yonder across the plain?' 'That is one of the mightiest rivers of the land. One day you shall go and see it for yourself; and maybe you will take a boat and sail upon it, down to its very mouth, and out into the open sea.'

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

BELIEF IN GOD

SYDNEY H. MELLONE, M.A., D.Sc.

WHAT we have already said (see Sunday School Quarterly, No. 2) was intended to illustrate the difference between the scientific and the religious point of view, and to show how these only conflict because one side or the other has transgressed its proper limits. Our illustration consisted mainly of a short comparison of the Biblical and Babylonian creation-stories, and of both with the method of creation as a work ever proceeding, as modern science conceives it.

The difficulties in the way of belief in God at the present time have no special connection with the work of scientific men. The old cry—after every scientific discovery—'Where is *now* thy God?' is only heard among half-educated journalists. But the great dark facts of the evil and misery of the world remain; and to understand what they really are, before we even begin to try to explain them, is one of the hardest things in life.

In order to illustrate what I have in mind when I speak of 'their real meaning,' let us take one example of a whole class of facts among those embraced in 'the Problem of Evil'—a crowning example of all cases where the innocent and the good suffer just because of their innocence and goodness: the Cross of Christ.

There was a being pure and sinless in body and soul, unique in moral power and insight, suffering the worst shame and agony at the hands of a few scheming priests and Roman executioners. The very things that were best in him they took advantage of, in order to wreak upon him their worst. It might indeed seem as if the worst things in the world were there, working unrestrained, and doing their worst: and so they were! And as men watched that scene in imagination, they might indeed have said—as they have said of many lesser Calvaries of human suffering and sacrifice—'there is no God—only the devil,' only a malignant or at best a blind and purposeless power.

Is this the whole truth? An instinct in the heart of the world has answered, no! And as men have watched that scene in imagination, they have said—'There is no devil—there is only God.' They have perceived something more than the shame and agony, more than the short triumph of policy and priestly intrigue, more than the evil things working unrestrained; they have perceived the greatest and best thing in humanity, gaining through seeming defeat its perfect victory: the Love which means the entire willingness of a human soul to give the uttermost for the whole. The priests, the executioners, and the wondering crowd have gone; but that Cross dominates the ages still, because Love, thus triumphant, is the divinest thing the world has known. And now, the Cross has become a symbol, a type—no longer of some mysterious exchange of pain for mercy, between the Victim and the Almighty—but a symbol of something universally ennobling in human life; and that is, the readiness to accept the struggle and the sacrifice which it involves, even to the extent of giving oneself, in part or wholly, in order that something outside oneself may be made better. So understood, the Cross ceases to mean an historical event; it becomes a name for an elemental thing, at once human and divine, working with many different degrees of intensity and power in life.

Readers who have access to the *Christian Commonwealth* for January 10th, 1907, will find in it one of the finest utterances of the Rev. R. J. Campbell: a sermon entitled 'The Lion and the Pit,' in which this view of the Cross is set forth with wonderful simplicity and impressiveness. I can imagine no better introduction to a course of lessons on Belief in God for a class of young men.

'Why did God *let* it happen?' asked a child. But would it have been better for the world if there had been no Jesus? Surely not. The questioner, however, can return to the charge. 'Why did not God accomplish all the good that Jesus did without so much suffering?' There the root of the matter is touched; and the answer is beyond the range of the child's experience. Jesus would not have been Jesus had he done his work on easier terms—he would have been a man of smaller moral stature, of weaker will. The facts begin to be explicable on one supposition alone—the heroism and love, the strength and purity of character, which are created through the actual conflicts of life, are of such worth that no price of suffering, or death, is too great to pay for their production.

To understand this is to begin to see how such tragedies as the crucifixion of Jesus can form part of a Great Plan for the betterment of the world, gradually wrought out through the ages of history, and still in process: one main factor in that process being the creation (through the stress and strain of life) of *persons*, men and women good enough, wise enough, and strong enough to help in making the world better.

Thus when it is asked, Why did God make the world in this way or that, the answer is, the world is not yet made; it is in the making. You are looking at an unfinished work. The *general tendency* of the work or parts of it, may be seen; but to attempt a final judgment upon the parts before the whole is finished, is only childish absurdity. It is high time that we began to be in earnest with this thought of the world being only in the making. Suppose that you were looking at the under side of some very beautiful tapestry; being able to see only the under side, you would have only an imperfect idea of the pattern. Suppose, further, that the pattern was in the making and not finished, then still less would you be able to form an idea of the design in all its completeness. This is just how we stand with regard to the Great Plan; we can trace the outlines of parts of it, and that is all.

This conception of a Great Plan being worked out in the world gives us the meaning of Belief in God, *in its practical and moral bearings*. In illustration of the way in which the idea may be developed, the reader will allow me to make reference to the earlier chapters of a little book entitled *Laws of Life*, published by the Sunday School Association. The aim of the book is to supply a foundation for a real working belief in God's moral government of the world. Starting with the question 'What is the use of living?' and finding the attempt to become all the best that we can, in body and mind, in thought and feeling, we are led to see that while *Conscience* is of infinite importance in obliging us to do and to be our best, the criterion of *what is best* lies in human experience. Experience has been accumulating through all past history, showing men what results follow certain kinds of thought and action. These results do not merely consist of pleasures and pains; there may be elevation or degradation of the man, and here lies the final test. The Laws of Life, which attach these results to what we think and do, are not arbitrary devices, or things that can be evaded; they are interwoven deeply in the very conditions of our life.

When brought in some such way *into touch with life*, the conception of a Great Plan in the world will not seem too abstract. It is, indeed, only part of the meaning of Belief in God; but it is a very great part; for in no other way, I believe, can we find any justification, other than a merely sentimental one, for doing good; or any foundation for the conviction that life is worth living.

If the teacher finds it possible to approach the subject in the way suggested here, he will so far have one great advantage: he will be appealing all along *to experience*. His difficulty will be on the one hand to induce his pupils really to be faithful to experience, not to go beyond it, but to try to understand it; and on the other hand, to make them feel that their own individual experiences are not final but must be understood in the light

of the wider experience of mankind at large.

We have not started with any attempt to 'prove the existence of God'; our attempt is to find the meaning of experience. And it is *moral* experience that we have had in view. We have not appealed (after the manner of the old 'design argument') to the observation that because created things, for instance the bodies of living creatures, are in so many ways adapted to purposes, there must have been an intelligent Creator who adapted them. We cannot start on this line until we have taken account of what Science says as to the way in which these adapted structures came about. Our appeal is to human life, which as a matter of fact actually consists of the realisation of thoughts, endeavours, and desires; we find that these multitudinous purposes point to one Supreme Purpose, which is being worked out in them; we are able to trace in outline parts of the method by which it is worked out (as illustrated above); and we say that the working out of this Supreme Purpose is part of what we mean by God.

If it is possible for the teacher to give *historical* illustrations, he may carry this a step further in a very interesting way, which involves grasping the idea that human actions, both good and evil, are made to bring forth results greater and more important than the people themselves could even have imagined; and different actions of different people are made to *work together* to bring about results which the agents never foresaw—results whose importance the agents would not have understood if they had foreseen them, and which are often entirely contrary to the deliberate designs of these agents themselves. A familiar analogy may be found in natural history—in the way in which the bees, all intent on their own concerns in gathering food, and wholly unconscious of any further purpose in their actions, do actually, by carrying 'pollen' from flower to flower, effect fertilisation, and so maintain whole species of vegetable life in existence.

No more impressive illustration can be found than is afforded by the ever-renewed spectacle of disappointed hopes and designs, well-meaning and high-motived, which have ended only in failure. In this aspect of it, the lesson is written for us large and plain in the life of the discoverer of the Western Continent. Columbus, whose faith was sublime as compared with the general mind of his age, and whom most men believed at first to be insane, sailing west to discover a route to the fabled wealth of China and the Indies, and stumbling upon a whole new world, yet knowing it not, and persistently clinging to the false idea that he was almost at the gates of those cites of incredible riches, and dying at length broken-hearted because so little, as he thought, had resulted from his stupendous dream—this man is not only a good but a typical illustration of how men in failing may become unconscious instruments of ends greater than all their dreams. What was there, in his trumpery vision of gold and gems, to be had in the East almost for the asking, to be compared with the life that now peoples that Western world upon which he stumbled unawares, and the permanent contributions which that life has made to the welfare of mankind?

To be continued.

HELEN KELLER AND ANNE SULLIVAN

The Late MARIAN PRITCHARD.

Hail Friendship! Since the world began,
Heaven's kindest, noblest boon to man.'

It is good to take note of the battles which are being fought in the realms of daily life; where evil and ignorance, with their vast progeny, are so constantly assailing mankind; but where also goodness and knowledge, strengthened by the divine messengers of hope and patience, go forth under Love's command, to withstand and overcome the foe.

Let me tell you something of one such victory obtained by means of these allied forces, in a quiet little homestead far away, in one of the Southern States of America; where a young child, shut off, one might say, from every possibility of happiness,—having completely lost the senses of sight and of hearing, and with the latter, the power of speech,—was recalled into 'fulness of life,' by her devoted teacher and friend; whose excellent educational training, sympathetic imagina-

tion (enabling her to keep in real touch with her pupil) and patient devotion to her work, could alone have made such a victory possible.

In a small town of northern Alabama lived Captain Keller. At the time my story begins he was married for the second time; and with his young wife and his two sons by the first marriage, resided in his own homestead, Ivy Green, so-called because the house, trees, and fences were all clad in beautiful English ivy. Besides the dwelling house there was another tiny building on the estate, the latter consisting of two rooms, one large and one small, with an entrance porch, the whole being so completely hidden by vines, roses, and honeysuckle, that it looked just like an arbour, and was the favourite haunt of humming birds and bees.

It was in this lovely spot that Mrs. Keller's little daughter, Helen, was born on June 27th, 1880. For twenty months no brighter or healthier baby could be found. Then, alas! when she could run about and was just beginning to talk, a terrible misfortune happened, for she was attacked by a very serious form of illness,—congestion of brain and stomach, accompanied by high fever,—so that for days her life hung in the balance. But her vigorous constitution triumphed, the fever left her, and gradually health and strength returned, though, sad to say, the senses of sight and hearing were gone for ever.

We can readily picture to ourselves the grief of the parents at this sudden calamity, and understand their terrible feeling of helplessness. As years went on, and Helen became stronger and more vigorous, she became more and more difficult to manage. Every one loved and pitied her, but she seemed to have but little capability for loving in return; and though she followed her mother everywhere, and learnt to use signs, and could be made to understand some things, yet the failure to make others comprehend her meaning would bring on fits of rage that were both painful and perplexing to her parents. Love for her they had, patience they had, but knowledge of how to train their darling they did not possess; therefore, they set themselves earnestly to the task of finding some one who could help them. Mrs. Keller's great hope was in the remembrance of an account given by Charles Dickens of a girl, Laura Bridgman by name, who had been deaf and dumb and blind like Helen, but who had been taught in a wonderful manner by a certain Dr. Howe, at an institution in Boston, Massachusetts. After consulting with some of the best doctors, Captain Keller wrote to Boston, where Dr. Howe's work was being carried on, after his death, by his son-in-law, and asked if a teacher could be sent out to him (a thousand miles away!) who would undertake the charge of his little daughter. It was in response to this appeal that in March, 1887, when Helen was nearly seven years old, that Miss Anne Sullivan arrived at Ivy Green, when—as Helen Keller wrote some years ago—'a power divine touched my spirit, and gave it sight.'

Anne Sullivan was barely twenty-one when she came to Helen. She herself had been almost totally blind for some years of her childhood and, until she was fourteen, she could scarcely be said to have begun her education. But she had an understanding mind, and great talent, so that she made rapid progress in her studies when she once began. Trained in the institution where Dr. Howe had done his splendid work, she seems to have caught some of his spirit and was exactly suited to the difficult task which lay before her.

Helen had been made to understand that some one was coming on that eventful day, and rushed forward to meet Miss Sullivan so violently that she almost knocked her down. Then she felt her face and dress and bag, which last she tried to open, evidently expecting to find some 'candy' there, turning very restive when her mother took the bag away. Here is an extract from a letter written by Miss Sullivan to a friend three days after her arrival, telling of her first efforts.

'Helen helped me unpack my trunk when it came, and was delighted when she found the doll. I thought it a good opportunity to teach her her first word. I spelt "d-o-l-l" slowly in her hand and pointed to the doll and nodded my head, which seems to be her sign for possession. She looked puzzled and felt my hand, and I repeated the letters. She imitated them very well and pointed to the doll. Then I took the doll, meaning to give it back to her when she had made the letters; but she thought I meant to take it from her, and in an instant she was in a temper, and tried to seize the doll. I shook my head and tried to form the letters

with *her* fingers; but she got more and more angry. . . . I let her go, but refused to give up the doll. I went downstairs and got some cake (she is very fond of sweets). I showed Helen the cake, and spelt "c-a-k-e" in her hand, holding the cake towards her. Of course she wanted it and tried to take it; but I spelt the word again and patted her hand. She made the letters rapidly, and I gave her the cake, which she ate in a great hurry, thinking, I suppose, that I might take it from her. Then I shewed her the doll and spelled the word again, holding the doll towards her as I had held the cake. She made the letters "d-o-l" and I made the other "l" and gave her the doll. She ran downstairs with it, and could not be induced to come into my room again all day.'

Thus was the first lesson given. It seems strange to hear of things being *shown* to a blind child, and one constantly finds Helen talking of how she *sees* this thing or that. But if we think, we shall understand that it is the brain which apprehends the *seeing*, and the blind can, therefore, be said to see, in this sense, though not by means of the eye.

It was terribly uphill work at first. Helen's manners at table were dreadful. She would put her hands in the plates as they were being passed, and 'grab' whatever she wanted; when checked she would kick and scream for half an hour together, and this would distress the father and mother so much that they could not bear the 'contest of wills' being continued, and urged the new teacher to give in for the sake of peace. Four days' experience made it quite clear to Miss Sullivan that she must have the little girl all to herself for a while if she was to gain proper control over her; the child must have to depend wholly on her until she had learnt to trust, love, and obey her; and so, after a long talk with Mrs. Keller, it was decided that Miss Sullivan and Helen should go into the small annex (before referred to) and inhabit the large room, while a little negro boy should occupy the smaller one, and do anything that was necessary. The first day there was a terrible struggle when Helen found that Miss Sullivan was going to sleep with her; the second day she was quieter, but rather homesick, and on the third, things began to go quite smoothly; Helen was not only happier, but she was beginning to learn two or three more words, words connected in her mind with definite objects, but thus far, not actually *standing* for the object.

The bright sunshiny spirit of the young teacher was also beginning to have its effect on the child, and it was not long before little Helen felt that her teacher could also be a merry companion, entering into her games and frolics with joy and fun. And thus Miss Sullivan was gaining ground, and proving the truth of her opinion when she had written:

'I have thought about it a great deal; and the more I think, the more certain I am that obedience is the gateway through which knowledge, yes, and love, too, enter the mind of a child.'

Two weeks after the arrival of the teacher—only two weeks, observe!—Miss Sullivan's letter to a friend tells of her opening victory.

'My heart is singing for joy this morning. A miracle has happened! The light of understanding has shone upon my little pupil's mind, and behold, all things are changed!

'The wild little creature of two weeks ago has been transformed into a gentle child. She is sitting by me as I write, her face serene and happy, crocheting a long red chain of Scotch wool. She learnt the stitch this week, and is very proud of the achievement. When she succeeded in making a chain that would reach across the room, she patted herself on the arm, and put the first work of her hands lovingly against her cheek. She lets me kiss her now, and when she is in a particularly gentle mood she will sit on my lap for a minute or two; but she does not return my caresses. The great step—the step that counts—has been taken. The little savage has learned her first lesson in obedience, and finds the yoke easy. It now remains my pleasant task to direct and mould the beautiful intelligence that is beginning to stir in the child-soul.'

A week later and the pair returned to the home, the father and mother having promised that Miss Sullivan should be allowed to do what she thought best for their child, without interference on their part; for they had been greatly impressed by the wonderful influence for good that the young teacher had already gained.

Of course it was not to be expected that from this time all was smooth sailing; but the difficulties became weekly less and less, and Helen, who was extremely bright and quick, learnt with great rapidity; and it is interesting to note the list of words that she had learnt within the first four weeks. Here they are. *Doll, mug, pin, key, dog, hat, cup, box, water, candy, eye, finger, toe, head, cake, baby, mother, knife, fork, spoon, saucer, tea, papa, bed, sit, stand, walk, run.*

Miss Sullivan soon found that many of the methods which had been advocated in her educational training, were not suited for use with her little pupil; set times for lessons were given up, and almost all their time was spent in the garden, watching the men at work, hunting for eggs, feeding the turkeys, and having a merry romp together.

In a letter to her friend she says, 'I spell in her hand everything we do all day long, although she has no idea as yet what the spelling means,' except of course the few words which she had mastered. The teacher still took entire charge of her little pupil, so that they grew closer and closer into each other's confidence, and Miss Sullivan writes, 'I like to have Helen depend on me for everything, and I find it much easier to teach her things at odd moments than at set times.'

It was just a month after the teacher's arrival that the next great step was taken. At first, as already said, the *word* was understood as only *associated* with the *thing* it stood for, in Helen's mind; as yet she had not learnt that it actually represented it. This made a difficulty in such words as *mug* and *water*, as the two were associated together, and so were easily confused; and it is interesting to read Helen's own account of the wonderful morning which remained stamped indelibly on her memory, when a new revelation came to her, through an apparently quite inadequate cause.

'Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and seizing the new doll, I dashed it on the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought out my hat, and I knew I was going out in the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

'We walked down the path to the well house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water, and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought[1] and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that "w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

'I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object that I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me.

'On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realised what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow. . . . I learnt a great many new words that day. . . . It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day, and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.'

Thus does Helen recall the wonderful revelation many years after it occurred; but it is also most interesting to read a letter written on the very day about this 'something very important,' by Miss Sullivan herself.

'Helen has taken the second great step in her education. She has learned that everything has a name, and that the manual alphabet is the key to everything she wants to know.'

Then follows the story of the water, very similar to that given above. Miss Sullivan continues:

'The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand seemed to startle her. She dropped the mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face. She spelt "water" several times. Then she dropped on the ground and asked for *its* name, and pointed to the pump and the trellis; and suddenly turning round she asked for my name. I spelled "Teacher." Just then the nurse brought Helen's little sister into the pump-house, and Helen spelled *baby* and pointed to the nurse. All the way back to the house she was highly excited, and learned the name of every object she touched, so that in a few hours she had added thirty new words to her vocabulary.

'P.S.—I didn't finish my letter in time to get it posted last night; so I shall add a line. Helen got up this morning like a radiant fairy. She has flitted from object to object, asking the name of everything, and kissing me for very

[1] It seems that among the words Helen had learnt to say before her terrible illness was *water*, and that she had continued to make a sound like it—'wah-wah'—for some time after all other speech was lost.

gladness. Last night when I got in bed, she stole into my arms of her own accord, and kissed me for the first time ; and I thought my heart would burst, so full was it of joy.'

It was on the firm foundation, now securely obtained, that Miss Sullivan began to build ; patiently, hopefully working, and ever on the alert to use every incident or thought that was likely to further her purpose. Space will not permit us to follow the various stages of Helen's education, but those who have the opportunity of reading THE STORY OF MY LIFE[1] will find that volume of great interest ; here I must confine myself to alluding to a few only of its main points.

When Miss Sullivan described Helen in the first letter after her arrival, she says of her face,—' it is intelligent, but lacks mobility, or soul, or something,' also that ' she rarely smiles.' *One* year later, when Helen had been taken by her teacher to Cincinnati, the latter writes :—

' Everyone is delighted with Helen. All the learned men marvelled at her intelligence and gaiety. There is something about her that attracts people. I think it is her joyous interest in everything and everybody. . . . Her happiness impressed all ; nobody seemed to pity her. One gentleman said to Dr. Keller, " I have lived long and seen many happy faces, but I have never seen such a radiant face as this child's, before to-night." '

And all this change in appearance was the result of development in the heart, mind, and soul. Helen was now ready to join others in study, and Miss Sullivan took her to the Boston Institute, where she had been herself educated ; there they spent together a year or two, passing their summer holidays often by the sea.

Let us pass on and take another peep at Helen when she had been five years under her teacher's guidance. She is now twelve years old. There has come a startling change since we saw her last. For the gift of speech has been bestowed, and—in a sense—the gift of hearing, though this latter is attained, not by the ear, but by the touch. We have already alluded to the almost magic power exercised over her young life by the word ' *water*,' that one word remembered out of the few she had learnt before her terrible illness, and which for some time after she had continued to utter in imperfect fashion. She did this with evident pleasure ; and indeed she always retained a great desire to give forth audible sounds ; and she loved, too, to put her hands over her mother's mouth, and feel the movement and try to imitate it. When ten years old she met a lady from Sweden, who told her how a little girl living in that country, blind and deaf like herself, had actually learned to speak, through feeling the movements of the mouth and the vibrations of the throat. This fired Helen's enthusiasm, and she so earnestly begged to be allowed to learn, that Miss Sullivan took counsel with a lady, Miss Fuller, who had given the subject of articulation serious study. The upshot of the consultation was that Miss Fuller offered to try to teach Helen ; and, so apt a pupil was she, that in eleven lessons she had mastered the chief difficulties, and, finally, with very constant practice, she was able to converse quite easily. Her joy at being able to speak the first connected sentence, ' It is warm,' was intense ; and the knowledge that now she could speak to her little sister gave her supreme delight.

Further, Helen also learned to understand what people said, if they spoke distinctly, by feeling their lips ; and this was a great gain, as it materially enlarged the circle of those with whom she could converse.

Another method of communication was found to be of great value to teacher and pupil, and that was a modified form of the Morse telegraphic code, where the alphabet is made up of dashes and dots. This had been taught Helen by a cousin a couple of years before, and the two had enjoyed using it, as a change from the manual alphabet. Miss Sullivan found that if she tapped with her foot—with long and short taps—the vibrations were carried quite plainly to Helen, even when they were a few feet apart, and thus they could easily convey a message to each other without being in direct touch.

Helen's senses of touch and smell were extremely acute, and she often made use of the latter to guide her where she wished to go ; and, in a conservatory, would be able to pick out and name all the different flowers by their scent.

If we look at some of the letters which she wrote at this time, we cannot but be struck by her readiness of composition

[1] THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Helen Keller. Hodder & Stoughton, London.

and powers of expression. Of course this is largely due to the fact that Miss Sullivan was constantly at hand to 'show' her the scenery (through her graphic description), to explain to her all difficulties, and to draw forth thought; but it needed the work of both *together*—the secret of all real power—to enable the seed to bring forth such a rich and full harvest.

Helen continued her studies, with her teacher's help, in two other schools after she had left the Perkins Institute in Boston,—that City of Kind Hearts, as she called it,—and made excellent progress in languages, literature, mathematics, etc., and finally her great desire was accomplished, that of going to college; this meant the passing of examinations with all the special difficulties proceeding from her inability to see and hear as others could; but she was successful, and wrote, July, 1899:

'I passed in all the subjects I offered, and with credit in advanced Latin. But I must confess, I had a hard time on the second day of my examinations. They would not allow Teacher to read any of the papers to me, so the papers were copied for me in Braille.[1] This arrangement worked very well in the languages, but not nearly so well in Mathematics. Consequently I did not do so well as I should have done, if Teacher had been allowed to read the Algebra and Geometry to me.'

It must not be supposed that because Helen was so fond of books that she had no thought but for study. She revelled in outdoor life, and that she was not inexpert in various forms of active exercise, we may learn from the following extract from a letter written in the holiday time.

'I am out of doors all the time, rowing, swimming, riding, and doing a multitude of other pleasant things. This morning I rode over twelve miles on my tandem (bicycle). I rode on a rough road, and fell off three or four times, and now am awfully lame! But the weather and the scenery were so beautiful, and it was such fun to go scooting over the smoother part of the road, I didn't mind the mishaps in the least.'

And now, how this beautiful young life is going to be lived, who shall say? At twenty-nine what wonderful possibilities it contains. At least even, thus far, the world is all the richer for these two, the teacher and the pupil. For surely even this slight sketch of what they have accomplished in the face of so many difficulties, must bring hope and encouragement to the hearts of all those who are grappling with arduous tasks, which to prosaic onlookers appear to be an attempt to perform the impossible.

The future must be left to tell its own story, but the good wishes of all who have heard of the pair of devoted friends must follow them wherever they may go. Let me conclude with a few words of Helen Keller's about herself and Miss Sullivan.

'At the beginning I was only a little mass of possibilities. It was my teacher who unfolded and developed them. When she came, everything about me breathed of love and joy, and was full of meaning. She has never let pass an opportunity to point out the beauty that is in everything, nor has she ceased trying in thought, and action, and example, to make my life sweet and useful. . . . How much of my delight in all things beautiful is innate, and how much is due to her influence, I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that the footsteps of my life are in hers. All the best of me belongs to her—there is not a talent, or an aspiration or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.'

[1] The Braille type is the raised type used for printing books for the blind.

BOOKS AND THEIR BINDINGS

ARCHIBALD JOHNSTONE

SHAKESPEARE says that sermons may be found in stones. If that be so, it is likely that they may be also found in books; and to tell the truth, that is where many sermons come from.

People who write books are supposed to be very clever people; so there are only comparatively few who aspire to the dignity of authorship. On the whole, it would have been quite as well if some of those who have written books had been content to remain in obscurity; for if it were true in King Solomon's day, that 'of making books there is no end,' it is still more true in these days. But it may surprise you boys and girls when I say that *you* are busy writing books—every one of you—books which contain the story of your lives. Your baby brother who is just beginning to run about, has already got the pen in his chubby little fingers and has commenced the opening chapter of his book. You who go to school have written several chapters; and your fathers and mothers who are growing old have come nearly to the end of their volume when they will write the word 'Finis.'

We may say that the world is like a great library upon whose shelves thousands and millions of books are stored away; and by and by the books which you are writing will be placed there. I wonder what sort of books they will be when they are finished! Good ones, I hope!

If you were to go into a library, one of the first things to strike you would be the great variety in the bindings of the books. Some, you would find bound in morocco like the big pulpit Bible. Others, in calf, with gilt bars across the backs, looking strong and handsome; and you would naturally expect that books with such fine covers would be specially good ones. Others again would be bound in plain cloth; and not a few, probably, would have shabby old bindings, and these you would think would be books of little worth.

Now there is the same variety in the bindings of the books in that great world-library I mentioned.

The bindings of the books *you* are writing differ from each other. You are each placed in different surroundings. All of you, I hope, have pleasant homes, with plenty to eat and drink, and friends to care for you; but some, I dare say, are not so well off as others. If any of you are disposed to grumble, and to think how much better it would be if you stood in somebody else's shoes, I want you specially to remember, that it is not the binding that makes the book, but what is written down inside.

Once upon a time there was a king who was immensely rich. He sat upon a throne of ivory overlaid with gold. There were six steps leading up to it, with a carved lion crouching on each step. His palace was filled with the costliest treasures; and as for horses and chariots, he had so many that four thousand stalls were needed to put them in. Every three years his ships came in, laden with cargoes of gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks.

If ever a man had a rich binding for his book, it was that great king! And yet when he looked upon his splendid possessions, he exclaimed, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

There was another man, born one Christmas Day long ago, in a stable amongst horses and cattle; when he grew up, he was so poor that he had not where to lay his head. The binding of his book was ragged enough; but he wrote a book such as none ever did write.

Never mind about the covers of your book; think only of what you write down inside. There are some books which have very fine bindings; but in spite of their showy covers, they are scarcely worth the paper they are printed on. And there are books with tattered bindings, whose contents are beyond price.

Remember, then, that it is not the binding that determines the value of a book, but the contents of it.

There is another thing to be noticed about books. Some require many volumes to make them complete. It is so with the books you are writing. Some of them may run on to seventy or eighty volumes, or even more. At the beginning of a New Year, we may suppose ourselves to have begun a new volume; whilst the old one we have finished is taken from us and placed on the shelves of that big world-library of which I spoke.

There is also another thing about books. Every book, before leaving the hands of the printer, is carefully examined and the mistakes corrected. What are called 'proof-sheets' are sent to the author, that he may read them over and alter anything he wishes.

Something like that is allowed to us in the writing of *our* books. By means of that wonderful faculty we call 'memory' we can, as it were, turn over the leaves of the volumes we have written, and read what we have inscribed there; but there is one thing we cannot do. We cannot alter or scratch out anything we have once written down. As the poet Longfellow says:

> Whatever hath been written shall remain,
> Nor be erased nor written o'er again.

The remembrance of that ought to make us very careful of what we write in our books.

Boys and girls who have written only a few volumes of their life-story, haven't made so many blots and mistakes that they need worry about. But we who are older, as we read the story of our past lives, discover many things which we should like to get rid of altogether. We see blots and blunders we should like to rub out; and we think if we were allowed to write our book over again, we should produce a much better one. But that is not per-

mitted. The wrong things we have done, together with all the blots and smears, have to remain just as we left them. Most of *your* volumes are still to write. Be careful what you put into them, remembering what Longfellow says again :

The unwritten only still belongs to thee ;
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.

And now let me add a word as to the way in which a good book may be written. It is easy for ministers and teachers to tell us that we ought to write a good life story, but the difficulty is to *do* it.

Let me tell you about something which I well remember when I was a small boy. The first school I was sent to was what used to be called a 'dame' school—that is, it was conducted by a lady ; and the first task she set me to do was to write in a copy-book some curious figures called 'pot-hooks.' I dare say you know what they are—figures resembling fish-hooks. After putting the pen in my hand and giving me a few instructions, she left me to my own devices, and a sore time I had of it. By and by she returned to see how I was getting on. What a spectacle met her eye ! The fair white page was covered with straggling objects which bore only a distant resemblance to pot-hooks. It looked as though a spider had escaped from the ink-pot and run about the page. But like the good teacher she was, instead of chiding me for my clumsiness, she gently took my little hand in hers and guided it ; and with her help I found I was able to make excellent pot-hooks.

Well, children, there is something like that in life. Left to our own devices, it is more than likely—nay it is certain—that we shall cut a sorry figure as authors. Our books, at the best, will make poor reading. There will be passages in them of which we shall be thoroughly ashamed, and blots we would give the world to wipe out. But there is a great, good Teacher—he who wrote that book which had its beginning in a stable and its end upon the cross—who is ready to take our hands in his and guide them. By means of his example, and the grace and help which God will give us through him if we ask ; we may write such a book, that in the last great day when all the books are opened and read, God himself may have pleasure in its contents.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT DES MOINES, IOWA

HELEN B. WILSON

The Sunday school at Des Moines, Iowa, is composed almost entirely of the children of the congregation. We feel that the future of the church largely depends on the religious training of our children, and along with this training we endeavour to instruct them in the principles of our faith, and to quicken the spirit of loyalty to the church.

Liberal parents often say to us, 'I do not want my child to be biassed or influenced in religious matters. When he is old enough he will be able to choose for himself which church is most in harmony with his ideas.'

But we say to such 'liberal' parents, 'If you do not influence your child in religious matters, some one else will. His companions or acquaintances will fill his mind with ideas which you hold to be false. It is not fair to the child to leave this side of his nature open to any chance teaching.'

It often takes persistent effort on the part of the Sunday school teacher and the minister before the parent realises the importance of the child's regular attendance at Sunday school.

Our Sunday school service is held at twelve o'clock, immediately following the church service. Our attendance averages about ninety. In our infant class we sometimes have children only three years old. For this class we have a trained kindergartner—that is, some one who has taken a two years' course in the teaching of young children. The other children are divided into classes as nearly as possible according to their age and their grade in the public school, as a rule the boys and girls being in separate classes.

One feature of our school which greatly contributes to the life of the church is the adult class. This class, under the leadership of the minister, generally discusses the sermon. Strangers who have been present at church often stay to this class to ask questions concerning our faith and to enter into the discussion. It is also an incentive to the children when they find their parents so much interested in the Sunday school class.

Another feature of our Sunday school which we consider very valuable is the teachers' meeting. This is held at the house of the minister every two weeks. After a business meeting, during which the organisation and progress of the school are discussed, the minister goes over the lessons of the two coming Sundays with us. This meeting together of the teachers creates enthusiasm and interest, and from the personal teaching of the minister we get a certain spiritual enlightenment which we cannot obtain from our own private study of the lesson.

Our greatest difficulty is keeping the children interested. The American child is known to be blasé and independent, and it takes a teacher of experience and ability to hold the attention of the class for forty minutes and drive home the point of the lesson.

Along with the lessons from the Bible which we have been using the past few years, we have tried to inspire each child with a feeling of loyalty to the church, and to make him feel that the success of the Sunday school depends largely on his or her individual efforts. We have also tried to give him a knowledge of the affirmations of the Unitarian faith. The children often tell us that their schoolmates say to them, 'You do not believe in Jesus' or 'You do not believe in God.' We emphasise the positive side of our religion, and try to impress upon the child what we do believe.

During the winter we generally give a parents' party, when the children of the Sunday school entertain their parents some evening at the church parlour. This gives the parent and teacher an opportunity of getting acquainted, if they have not had such an opportunity before. Many of our teachers call at the home of each pupil some time during the year.

At present we have a very active Lend-a-Hand Club, composed of two girls' classes.

As most of our children come from homes where every comfort and opportunity is provided for them, one of our teachers decided that they ought to be interested in children who are not so fortunately situated in life. She therefore formed a club of girls, whose ages range from eight to fourteen, taking the name which Dr. Edward Everett Hale originated many years ago, and his motto—

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in,—
and
To lend a hand.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Haines, the teacher, the girls 'adopted' a little motherless two year old boy at the Children's Home, and they have displayed much enthusiasm in coming together once a fortnight to sew for 'our' baby, and in finding toys and other presents for him at Christmas time.

As most of our children have a happy time provided for them at their own homes at Christmas, we have them, as a Sunday school, try to make it a happy day for less fortunate children. At our Christmas celebration a few years ago, we invited forty poor children from the Roadside Settlement to come to our church parlours. We had a large Christmas tree, and after singing carols and playing games, each Settlement child was presented with a bag of candy, an orange, and a pair of mittens, our own children being content with only the bag of candy.

Our aim is not only to give the children religious teaching and training, but to make loyal Unitarians, who will one day be the pillars of the church.

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

E. ROSALIND LEE

VI.—The First Winter

THE Pilgrims had decided on a resting place at last, but there was much to be done before it could be really a home for them. It was a bleak coast which received them, offering no shelter from the north-east wind which blew across the bay in icy blasts. In their eagerness to start building, the twenty men, who landed on December 16th, slept on shore in a tent, but they very much regretted their haste, for a storm arose in the night which not only wet them to the skin, but also prevented them from returning to the 'Mayflower' till the next afternoon. A few days later, however, a real start was made. Fortunately there was plenty of timber about, so they did not have to spend much time fetching building

material. First a shed was built, twenty feet square, for general use. It was called the Common House, and was intended to serve as a shelter in bad weather, besides being a useful storing place for tools. Very few lived on land at first; before building other houses the settlers thought it advisable to protect themselves against possible attacks by the Indians. At the top of the slope they had chosen for their 'town' there was a flat piece of ground. Here they set up a cannon from the ship, made a barricade round it, and called the place Fort Hill. By the middle of January they were ready to begin building individual houses. The whole company was divided into nineteen households, each household consisting of a family with one or two of the single men as lodgers. Each house was to have a plot of ground round it, and these plots were arranged to form a street running up from the beach to Fort Hill parallel with the brook.

Thus the town of Plymouth was planned out, but it was a long time before all the houses were built. When the first house was only half finished, the Common House caught fire and was completely burned down, so all had to lend a hand to build it up again. Further delay was caused by sickness. The settlers were beginning to feel the ill effects of all they had endured. Partly owing to the overcrowding on shipboard and partly on account of the severe weather on their arrival, many were laid low. It was very difficult in their present condition to fight disease. The first house that was finished had to be set apart as a hospital, and all through February it was full of the sick and dying. Sometimes there were two or three deaths a day, and at one time only seven people were well enough to attend to ordinary affairs. Brewster and Standish were two of the stalwarts, who never gave way. In addition to much other work, they were indefatigable in nursing the sufferers. By the end of February thirty-one had died, and altogether only fifty survived that first winter. The dead were buried in a piece of ground near the harbour known as Coleshill, and in the early spring it was grassed over to hide the weakness of the colony from the Indians.

Meanwhile the few who were well were kept very busy. Besides building houses and nursing the sick, they were obliged to go out in search of food to eke out the supplies brought over on the 'Mayflower.' Sometimes in their hunting expeditions they had to venture far inland. One day early in January Francis Billington came home with the news that he had walked across to another sea. It was discovered afterwards to be a great fresh water lake, full of fish and fowl, but it has kept the name to this day of Billington Sea. Another day two men lost their bearings while hunting a deer. Night came on before they could find their way home, and it was not until the next afternoon that they reached a high hill from which they could see the harbour. They were much relieved to get home that night, for they had not enjoyed sleeping out at all. They had heard such alarming noises, they said, that they had looked about for trees to climb to get away from the lions. It turned out afterwards that there were no lions in the country, but of course these two men did not know how many wild animals or Indians might not be prowling about. Wolves there were known to be. Quite near the town one evening John Goodman and his dogs were attacked. When he threw a stick the wolves ran away. They soon returned, but did nothing worse than 'sit on their tails and grin!'

All this time the settlers were never quite free from the fear of Indians. Often when exploring they came across Indian huts, and sometimes they were made aware of their neighbours by the mysterious disappearance of tools left by accident in the woods. One day in February, when nearly everybody was ill, a man came running in from the woods saying that he had seen twelve Indians close by. This led the settlers to hold a meeting to consider what they should do in case of attack. Instinctively they turned to Miles Standish, their soldier friend, who had already proved his capacity as a leader in times of difficulty and danger. He was elected Captain, and was to take command in all dealings with the Indians and 'in all military affairs.' It was not that the settlers wanted to make enemies of their neighbours—on the other hand they were anxious to be on a friendly footing with them—but so far they had not been able to assure the Indians of their peaceful intentions, nor did they know how the

Indians were likely to treat them. They could hardly expect them to be very well disposed at first towards such strange visitors. The meeting was hardly over before Standish was called upon to exercise his new powers. Two Indians appeared on the far side of the brook and made signs to the settlers. Standish and another man crossed the brook to meet them, but although they laid aside their muskets in sign of peace, the natives were afraid and ran away. The settlers were disappointed. They had hoped that at last they would learn on whose land they had settled and whose corn they had taken possession of on their first arrival, so that they might make some return for them—for they had no wish to deal unfairly with the redskins.

Nothing more was seen or heard of them for some weeks, till one day towards the end of March, when a solitary Indian came walking down the street. To every one's great surprise he began to speak in English, welcoming the white men to his country. It appeared that he had learned English from some fishermen away to the North. He seemed very friendly, and told the settlers a great deal about the country. They learnt that the Indian name for the place was Patuxet, that a pestilence had carried off all the inhabitants, and therefore there was no one to dispute their possession. He told them that his tribe were friendly to the 'White Faces,' but their other neighbours the Narragansetts were hostile because some of their tribe had been carried away as slaves by an English sea-captain. Before leaving, Samoset, as he called himself, consented to feed with the Pilgrims. They offered him bread and cheese, butter and biscuits, and a piece of pudding, all of which we are told he liked very well. He was given presents of a knife, a bracelet, and a ring, and in return he promised to bring beaver skins. On the following Sunday Samoset came again, this time accompanied by 'five tall proper men each wearing a deer's skin, and the chief one a wild cat's skin on one arm.' They all wore long leggings of skin, almost like trousers, and each had a bag of meal at his waist. Their faces were a reddish brown colour; some wore feathers, and one wore a fox tail which waved from his head in the wind. They left their bows and arrows a quarter of a mile from the town, and showed no fear amongst their new friends. They ate and drank liberally, and then started to sing and dance. They had brought three or four skins to sell, but the Pilgrims would not barter on Sunday so they were told to come another day.

A few days later Samoset came again, this time bringing with him Squanto, the only remaining native of Patuxet. Curiously enough he also knew a little English, having escaped at London from a slave ship. These two had come to announce the approach of the 'Great King' Massasoit and his Queen Quadequina. These were waiting with sixty men on the top of a neighbouring hill, and before he would come nearer, Massasoit asked that some one should be sent as a hostage to his camp. It was rather a perilous undertaking, but Winslow volunteered to go. With the view of making an impression on the Indians he put on a complete suit of armour, and buckled on his sword. The shining armour and the sword had the desired effect. The Indians were greatly awed by the dazzling stranger. They begged leave to touch him, and were not content till they had thoroughly examined his wonderful garment. Winslow had brought presents for Massasoit, and with the help of Squanto as interpreter he intimated that the white men desired peace with the great king Massasoit, and his friendship. He said that he was the bearer of greetings from King James of England to the Indian chief, whom he would like to salute as an ally. He added that the Governor of Plymouth would like to trade with Massasoit and his tribe. The speech pleased the chief, who was persuaded to visit the town, leaving Winslow in custody.

The interview that followed between Massasoit and Governor Carver is one of the most famous and important incidents in the history of the colony. Trembling with fear, Massasoit left his bow and arrows on the far side of the brook and entered the town. He was very solemnly received and conducted to a half built house, where he was invited to sit down on the rugs and cushions which had been hastily collected in his honour. Immediately the Governor entered to the sound of trumpet and drum. The two men solemnly greeted each other by kissing

hands, and then sat down and ate and drank together. They were a strange party, Carver and his bodyguard of musketeers on the one side—stolid Englishmen, worn and anxious, hardly knowing what to expect from their strange guest; on the other side 'the Great King,' with his uncouth followers, equally suspicious of his host and embarrassed by his surroundings. The Indian chief was a fine grown man, grave of countenance and spare of speech. He differed very little in attire from his followers, his chief distinction being a great chain of white bone beads about his neck. A long knife hung at his waist and a bag of tobacco, which he 'drank' (smoked) from time to time and offered to his host. His face was painted with a sad red, and both his head and face were well oiled 'so that he looked greasily.' The faces of his followers were painted; some had great streaks of white, black, red, or yellow, others were decorated with crosses and more elaborate designs. The men were all tall and strong looking. When his guests were sufficiently at ease, Governor Carver began to treat of peace, Squanto again acting as interpreter. They soon came to terms, and a solemn treaty of friendship was drawn up and signed. The work of a day, this famous 'First Treaty with the Indians' was faithfully kept by both sides till long after Massasoit and most of the Pilgrims had passed away.

The business over, Massasoit returned to his camp, embracing the Governor at the Brook. The next visitor was Queen Quadequina. She also was entertained with great ceremony. When she had been safely escorted back to camp Winslow was allowed to come home. The visitors stayed a few days near by, watching the strange doings of the White Faces. After Standish and one or two others had paid them a return visit, they at last went away loaded with presents, and especially pleased with a kettle full of pease, leaving their hosts rather glad to turn to their ordinary occupations.

The Pilgrims had good reason to be satisfied with the results of the visit. They felt that they had started on the right lines with Massasoit. By the help of Squanto they had made him understand that they really wished to be friendly. They had been much relieved to hear that the land they had chosen was really uninhabited; they could now proceed with their building without fear of being molested. Samoset and Squanto remained with them—Squanto especially proving himself a good friend. He told the people when to sow the corn, 'when the leaves of the oak are as large as the ears of a mouse'; he showed them how to catch fish in the native fashion, and helped them in all sorts of ways till his death in the following year. He was especially useful in all dealings with the Indians, and no doubt it was partly owing to his good offices that the Pilgrims always managed to keep on excellent terms with them, so that one man writing home in the autumn could say that 'the natives, wont to be most cruel and treacherous even like lions, have been to us like lambs.'

VII.—Conclusion

At last the long and trying winter gave way to spring. On March 3rd Bradford entered in his diary that the birds sang pleasantly for the first time. The patients began to recover, the grumblers' complaints became less frequent, and all looked more hopefully to the future. All this time the 'Mayflower' had been riding at anchor in the bay, but the captain was now impatient to return home. He was only waiting for his crew to be well enough to work the ship, for they had suffered as well as the colonists. With the approach of spring their strength returned, and soon the time came when the 'Mayflower' must sail away. The remainder of the provisions were landed and everything that belonged to the settlers. This was the last chance of return. Many were tempted, but all stood firm. On April 5th the 'Mayflower' weighed anchor, and, with only the captain and crew on board, passed slowly out of the harbour and out of sight.

Thus the last link with the Old World was broken—Plymouth, America, must in future be the home of the Pilgrims, and it depended upon their own efforts what sort of a home they would make it.

The first hard winter over, there was every reason to hope that a permanent settlement would be made. All through the summer the men worked with a will, sowing corn under the guidance of Squanto, and building more houses. The first

Pilgrim baby, Peregrine White, had been born on the 'Mayflower.' In May we hear in Bradford's diary of the first marriage. Bradford himself was now Governor. The late Governor Carver had died from a sunstroke received while working in the fields soon after the departure of the 'Mayflower,' and Bradford was elected as his successor at a general meeting of the Pilgrims. They did not lose sight of their Indian friends. A small party paid a visit to the camp of Massasoit, forty miles away, in June, and in the autumn Massasoit with about ninety followers joined the Pilgrims in a week's feasting. This was made possible by the number of waterfowl and wild turkeys which made their appearance at this time. The harvest having been gathered in, and all preparations made for the winter, the settlers were able to throw themselves heartily into the festivities. This was the beginning of the well-known American institution of Thanksgiving Day.

Now we must leave the Pilgrim Fathers with their 'houses fit against winter, in good health, and having all things in plenty.' Such was the cheerful account sent home by the 'Fortuni,' a vessel which arrived in November with some more settlers, including the families of some of the men who had come out alone on the 'Mayflower.' Much more might be told about the early days of Plymouth, but these belong to American history and cannot be included in this story. Other colonies were formed in the neighbourhood and with Plymouth were called New England; many became more prosperous than Plymouth and now hold a far more important position, but nevertheless the Pilgrim Fathers have a special claim to be remembered. Before their enterprise it had always been said that trade, and trade alone, could found a colony. The Pilgrim Fathers had the honour to be the first to refute this. It was not trade nor love of adventure that led them across the Atlantic, but the pursuit of an ideal. They are celebrated 'not because in danger or in failure they were stout-hearted. Many a freebooter, many a soldier of fortune has been that. It is because they were stout-hearted for an ideal.' First the move to Holland, then, after twelve years' sojourn in a foreign country, the three months' voyage across an almost unknown ocean, and finally the struggle with disease through a terrible winter—with what result? They were now a self-governing colony, and could worship God in the way they believed to be right. At the time the Pilgrims could not realise all this meant, but we know now that they had won a great victory in the fight for Civil and Religious Liberty, which is still being waged and ever calls for our sympathy and support.

THE END.

BROOKE HERFORD

A. COBDEN SMITH

THE personality of Brooke Herford was in many ways remarkable. His influence was uplifting and invigorating. The deep and lasting impression he made, both in England and America, will long serve to preserve the warmest affection for his name and memory. His example, especially during the fifty years of strenuous and devoted service in his great calling, revealing as it does the best elements of lofty piety and noble purpose, will ever stimulate the highest conceptions of life and character.

Throughout the whole of his career he was a man of power, with a marked individuality of his own. He possessed natural gifts which not only rendered him eminently fitted for the Christian ministry, but exalted him as a living force amongst all classes of people. And what more than anything else enabled Brooke Herford to exert a unique influence, and advanced him to the front rank of his profession, was the manifestation of a real and moving enthusiasm. He was in the best sense a religious enthusiast, radiant with the Spirit of God, lifted on high with an optimist's faith in spiritual realities, kindled with living coals from the divine altar, and inspired with a deep and intense religious fervour that led him forward with renewed consecration to the highest mark of his calling. That was the spirit within him from which sprang the determined purpose and the manly courage he displayed in his exemplary endeavours. Emerson measured its power when he declared 'Every commanding movement in the history of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm.'

This characteristic of Brooke Herford was from the first developed largely by contact with men of true piety and Christian example, as well as by his association with companions who sought the highest ends of life. His schoolmaster from eight to fourteen was Dr. John Relly Beard, an eminent Unitarian minister, a zealous pioneer in educational movements, and a man of boundless enthusiasm for the progress of religious liberty. When, at the age of sixteen, he joined Lower Mosley Street Sunday School, and became a teacher, as his brothers Edward, Charles, William, and Vernon had before him, the ministers he found closely associated with that institution were the Revs. J. G. Robberds, J. J. Tayler, and William Gaskell, leaders of rare spiritual power and saintly character. Occasionally Rev. Philip Carpenter visited the school, and talks with him made a deep impression upon Brooke Herford. About the same time he spoke of a memorable evening which 'saw my heart turned to God in very earnest and real prayer for help to give myself to a true life.'

The atmosphere of Lower Mosley Street School was charged with forces that stimulated zeal and favoured the deepening of spiritual purpose. The Superintendent, Mr. John Curtis, was known and beloved as 'a truly good and devoted man,' and there was an exemplary band of teachers and fellow-workers which included such men as Richard Pilcher, Robert D. Darbishire, Richard Wade, Joseph Freeston, and E. C. Lamport. After being eighteen months at the school, there came the saintly Travers Madge, as 'Home Visitor,' who, more than anyone else, made impression upon the mind and heart of Brooke Herford. The fellowship of such earnest and devoted men was an inspiration to those who came within that memorable circle.

A living spirit led one and all to give themselves to real and consecrated service. It seemed as if the power of God moved in each soul with an uplifting influence. On every hand there was a determined effort towards a helpful and useful work of the best kind, amongst the poorest classes of the school, which carried forward the progress of Lower Mosley Street to the most flourishing position it ever attained. Religion was a real thing. The truths of the Bible and the Gospel were revealed as much in the lives and characters of the teachers as in the lessons they taught on the Sunday. No one could belong to such an institution, constituted as it was at that time, without feeling the exhilarating force of a real spiritual life. It led many teachers to give themselves to the noblest callings.

Thus the schoolmaster entered the Christian ministry: the son of a shoemaker became the Principal of a School of Technology; the librarian made his way as a printer, and rendered a public service which enrolled his name amongst honoured men who received the 'Freedom of the City'; the devoted teacher won distinction as a leading professor in a well-known University; and the studious worker among the youngest scholars gained the confidence of all by his integrity and faithfulness, made himself the trusted adviser of rich and poor, and left an example treasured amongst the highest traditions of his native city.

Brooke Herford was one of many who found sources of inspiration and visions of usefulness in the Sunday school, which completely transformed him. The highest sphere of service kindled within his heart an increasing desire to consecrate the whole of his energies to Christian work. With Travers Madge he visited the poorest homes. Together they learned the actual condition of struggling classes of people. They saw the ravages of disease, poverty, crime, and knew what problems faced the ranks of hard workers in mills and warehouses. But while Travers Madge was oppressed with the appalling misery and suffering he saw on every hand, Brooke Herford marvelled that there could be so much goodness, beauty and health amid such surroundings. The one lost heart and was overwhelmed with his sense of the magnitude of the evils he had to contend against: the other found everything to give him greater hope in man, and fuller confidence in God. One was discouraged and saddened to think that their labours produced such small results: his companion marvelled at the wonderful power of goodness that rebuked evil, refused to allow the most degraded to rest in sin, and continued the struggle in every soul 'that age after age has kept lifting mankind a little higher.' It was this wonderful discernment of realities, this practical insight

with its view of the brighter side, the best ends, the nobler promise, the triumphs of goodness over evil that gave Brooke Herford his optimism, not only in the midst of those varied scenes and experiences, but throughout his subsequent career. Writing to Richard Wade of those memorable days he declared 'The friends whom I met at Lower Mosley Street Schools influenced my life, and it was from the feelings aroused by the intercourse with them that I was led to seek an entrance into the ministry.'

The Sunday school teacher having seen the influence of real religious work in the heart of a busy city, and observed during visits to the homes of scholars the actual problems of struggling life, as well as having been awakened by the power exerted by faithful men, could be satisfied with no other vocation but that which gave him the best opportunity of serving his fellowmen. Hence Brooke Herford quitted the drudgery of office-work, relinquished the promising position in commercial life which might have been his, in order to become a Christian minister. In a real sense he had been called to the highest service of God, and the greatest mission of all claimed his enterprise. Three years at Manchester New College further developed his habit of 'vigorous thinking upon practical themes.' A student of more than average ability, academic pursuits did not check 'the ardour of his exuberant nature'; for with the ideal of the uplifting of mankind ever before him his interests were centred in preaching and pastoral work. That preparation supplemented the valuable experience already gained, as he tells us, in 'the Sunday school teaching and working in the slums, off business hours, that had drawn me towards the ministry.'

If ever a man welcomed the opportunity of entering upon the great work he had chosen to do, and began his mission with a full sense of the dignity and glory of his calling, it was Brooke Herford. At twenty-one he began his first pastorate at Todmorden with all the ardour and enthusiasm of a living hope and confidence. Like Paul he could say 'I know whom I have believed,' as he went forth to preach the Gospel. With absolute sincerity and determination in declaring his faith in God he was convinced in his own mind, and conscious that men and women needed but the presentation of the actual facts of spiritual experience to be brought under the transforming influences of real and abiding Christian life. He was a living preacher inspired with all the intensity, passion and power which carry conviction.

Looking back in later years he could say 'When I first started to preach I had a profound conviction that if I could only get a fair hearing I could convert the human race.' There was no mistake about the depth of his fervour, nor of the moving power of his enthusiasm. In an age which witnessed the most relentless attacks against the principles of belief, when the developments of scientific thought were changing the current ideas of faith, and many began to doubt the fundamental truths of Christianity, he became by his fearless advocacy a source of inspiration and blessing to many. One can imagine the impression he would make as his voice rang out in stirring tones, 'No matter how we got here, we are here. We are now men—men with souls—and moral life—and God. No fear of our having to go back from these grand convictions—for they are more than faith, they are facts of our being!' This was the language of conviction born of a noble enthusiasm which exalted Brooke Herford step by step as a man of power whom the common people gladly heard.

Enthusiasts are too often regarded with suspicion. They are reckoned as dreamers and fanatics. But the enthusiasm of Brooke Herford did not lead him beyond the realm of practical purpose. The gift which enabled him to interpret ordinary needs and the possibilities of spiritual experience by means of homely speech and illustrations, made him an exemplary preacher. He was never carried away by his own enthusiasm, though there was no doubt about the appeal which caused the Yorkshire farmer to say to him 'Can't ye clap a bit o' steam int'l't, lad?' In his earnestness and zeal he did not fail to touch and move the souls of his hearers. Wherever he laboured his church was the centre of healthy and increasing life. In Manchester, as in Sheffield, at Boston, as well as Chicago, he exerted an influence that extended far beyond his own community. Any public crisis or tumult found him ready to utter timely words of wisdom which restored confidence and produced

the happiest results. The secret of his power was that with his unfaltering belief in man he revealed in his own personality and example a vigorous faith—proclaimed with all the evidence of true sincerity and awakening enthusiasm which never failed to convince others of its reality. There are few men whose lives are more worthy of study and emulation than that of Brooke Herford. He ended fifty years of strenuous toil at Hampstead, London, in 1903; but he lives on still to give 'Courage and Cheer,' and we are able to cherish his own words 'Live the nobler life, live for truth, live for good, and you will never have any doubt that this life is worth living and not much doubt about living on.'

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

XI.—A Song by Charles Kingsley

JAMES RUDDLE

The little poem which follows is worth reading and learning for its own sake. It is a story of human life put into song. When set to suitable music and sung, it tends to deepen our reverence for human life, human virtue, human sorrow. In the best sense of the word it is a sacred song.

It was written by Charles Kingsley, a clergyman of the Church of England, who, at the time when many of his brother clergymen were chiefly busied with questions that concerned their own authority, their own claims to be considered true priests of the Catholic Church, and so forth, was struggling with the evils that oppressed his fellow-men. The extreme poverty of the poor in great cities, with all their ignorance and misery; the thoughtless indifference of the rich; the cruelty of those who made their fortunes at the expense of the degradation of others, all these things afflicted him. He wrestled with them in his mind, he wrote of them in his books, he preached of them in his sermons. Yet he was not melancholy. He kept up heart and hope. He loved to speak, to read, and to write words of cheer. He told again the ancient stories of Greek heroes; he published bright fanciful stories such as that called Water-babies; he occasionally made little poems. These were all healthy, manly writings, such as only a brave and sensible man would be able to write.

The poem of the Three Fishers has a peculiar history. Mr. Kingsley had been asked to preach one of a series of sermons to working men in St. John's Church, Fitzroy Square. The incumbent of the church said he had been reading Kingsley's works with the greatest interest, and wanted to have him to come and preach. Kingsley accordingly went and preached the same sort of thing that he preached elsewhere, namely, that according to the Gospel of Christ men are brothers; that the true work of a Christian minister is to preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood; he pointed out that the Bible assures man of his freedom; that his Baptism in the name of Christ proclaims his equality; that the Lord's Supper (that is, the Communion Service) is a symbol of brotherhood. He preached these doctrines very vigorously and very earnestly, and went decidedly too far when he denounced as traitors to Christ those who taught otherwise. For the incumbent of the church, through whose invitation Kingsley had spoken, rose at the close of the sermon and cautioned the congregation against some parts of the sermon that had just been spoken; he thought some things that had been said were dangerous and untrue. There was intense excitement in the church; but while folks were wondering what might happen, Kingsley pronounced the Benediction and closed the service.

That night his mind was troubled and stormy. He had no mind to go to rest at the usual hour. Instead of that he paced to and fro in front of his rectory. His wife rightly judged that he must be composing something, and the next morning he recited to her the little song of

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide goes down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Note 1. Moral of the story.

Kingsley got rid of the disturbance and agitation of his own mind by thinking of the sorrows of others. To have harboured resentment against a brother clergyman, to have done something to cause quarrel and a public scandal would have been disastrous not only to the Church to which he belonged, but to himself. We cannot harbour evil thoughts and be uninjured. By compelling his thoughts into a direction where the sorrows of others would occupy them, he turned an evil chance to a good result.

Note 2. On the song.

The moaning of the harbour bar, and the perils of a fisherman's life, will be best understood by those who have visited or lived at the seaside. Written descriptions without some personal observation will hardly be intelligible. But the *drift* of the song, the tragedy of faithful toil, bravery, death, will be clear to every reader. The pathetic line—

And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,

may have included just a momentary longing for the end of his own struggles; for the unexpected rebuff of that Sunday evening added to the care already upon his mind must have been like the running of his boat upon the rocks. But it includes also a nobler thought, that it matters but little by what means we are taken from this world, if we have done our duty while here. Compare Doyle's verse at the close of his description of the 'Loss of the Birkenhead'—

What follows why recall? The brave who died
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;
They sleep as well beneath the purple tide
As others under turf!

When we witness a deed of bravery, or read some instance of faithful life followed by a manful death, we need think nothing of reward or compensation. The ability to be faithful or the possibility of being heroic is itself the great reward.

An excellent life of Kingsley is published at a moderate price by Blackie: 'Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement,' by Dean Stubbs.

The poem on the 'Loss of the Birkenhead' may be read in the *Golden Treasury* second series and elsewhere. It originally ended with the verse I have quoted; the more recent additions are not an improvement. As helping us to realise something of the experience of those who perish at sea, the following extract, one out of many similar, is given from the Rev. John Gilmore's 'Storm Warriors':—

So I took my life-belt off that I might have it over all the quicker; for I knew that there would be no chance whatever of life if the boat once went, and I would have it over all the quicker, for I didn't want to be beating about those sands alive or dead longer than I could help; the sooner I went to the bottom the better I thought. When once all hope of life was over—and that time seemed close upon us every moment—some of us kept shouting, just cheering ourselves and one another up as well as we could; but I had to give that up, and I remember hearing the captain crying out, 'We will see Ramsgate yet again, my men, if we steer clear of old wrecks.' And then I heard the Portuguese lad crying, and I remember that I began to think that it was a terrible dream, and pinched myself to see if I was really awake; and I began to feel very strange and insensible. . . . And I just seemed going off in a kind of dead faint, and felt very dream-like and as if I couldn't hold on any longer, and as I felt this I thought in a feeble sort of way of my friends ashore, and bid them good-bye, for I knew that I should be soon washed out of the boat. (pp. 110, 111.)

The stories in the book named are not particularly well told, yet have some value as true records of suffering and heroism upon the deep.

XII.—The Melodies of Thomas Moore

As a great part of the worth of Kingsley's song consists in the moral of the song itself, and the interest of the conditions under which it was composed it may be worth while next to think of one whose songs have as little of lesson in them as any intelligible songs could have. They are none the worse. There is a time for

lessons and a time to put lessons away, as no one knew better than Charles Kingsley, of whom we have just been speaking. 'If you don't like my story, then go to the school room, and learn your multiplication table, and see if you like that better,' he said at the end of one of his 'Water Babies' chapters. So I imagine the good-tempered musical Moore might have said, You don't like my melodies? Very well, then read something that you do like; others will like them and sing them while you read sermons.

The recent life of Moore in the 'Men of Letters' series, will show what a genuine manly man Moore was; his writings in verse and prose show how sprightly was his wit, how sound his judgment, how merry his fancy, and how clever his command of metre and rhyme.

In his life Moore had various adventures, accidents, losses, dangers, but seemed generally to come off practically unhurt; a state of things reflected in his songs, where there is every variety of experience except overwhelming grief and deep solemnity. Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1779. Intended by his parents for the law, he came to England, and studied in the Middle Temple. The success of his first volume of verse in 1800 was sufficient to decide for him a literary career. He became a fashionable man. Great men patronised him, all the world admired him. He seems, meanwhile, to have preserved a spirit of manly independence. His marriage was happy, his songs were popular, his satires were clever and free from venom, and altogether his life was so comfortable that it has been customary in our day to speak of him as worldly. But not every comfortable life is worldly, as not every suffering life is Christian. If St. Paul gloried only in the *cross* of Christ, that was because he had not heard the parables of Matthew xiii., nor seen Jesus delighting in the children (whose games he remembered and quoted); in any case, there was a time when the Pharisees mistook the Master for a worldly man, and said so in very rude terms.[1] For the rest, if we wish to insist that a man must at least not be happy to the end, Moore suffered from one of the saddest diseases towards the last, a disease of the brain affecting the memory and the will.

[1] Matt. xi. 19.

He died in 1852, and is buried in Bromham Cemetery, Wilts. His poetic works include the 'Oriental Romance' Lalla Rookh; Irish Melodies, National Songs, Sacred Songs, with various trifles and delightfully satirical pieces. His best known work in prose is the Life of Byron. Here follow two of his melodies.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.

With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the Bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers row! the stream runs fast
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl!
There is not a break the blue wave to curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over the surges soon,
Saint of the green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

The first of these melodies may be compared with the children's hymn 'There is a happy land.' While our children are taught to do their duty in this world, and to accept the rough as well as the smooth, the dull days as well as the bright, it is no wrong for them to think, to dream, and to sing of an ideal better land where every

face is beautiful, every eye is bright, and every voice is sweet. Even so those who know more of life's toils and troubles may very well imagine a perfectly delightful island where all shall be happy and innocent as in Paradise. It is true that the real Heaven, the true haven of rest is to be found *within*; but the serenity of soul, the steadfastness of purpose needed in order that we may enjoy *that* heaven will be more quickly attained by sometimes giving our fancy full play, and imagining that the music that charms us for a moment might be eternal, that the landscape that delighted our gaze for one brief afternoon might be always in view, and ourselves never tired in beholding it.

2. The second song is the better, for it keeps more close to things real. Nothing has to be imagined: we are *there* when we listen to this song. If the first song is an innocent play of fancy roaming in delight on the shores of an ever-blessed isle, this song represents the reality of pure enjoyment in this world: pleasant companionship, delicious scenery, healthful exertions, a devout trustfulness amid all the enjoyment, all these are real, and may suggest that the Happy Land is not so far off as it sometimes seems. Moore has this note: 'I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days descending the river from Kingston to Montreal. . . . I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage. The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River.'

The Saint of the Green Isle to whom the boatmen appeal for favourable breezes is St. Ann. A friend quotes the Chandos edition of Moore: 'At the rapids of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part if not the whole of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers.' If the Saint Ann referred to is the reputed mother of the Virgin Mary, as I suppose, I have found no confirmation of the statement that she is the tutelar saint of voyagers, but Meyer's Lexikon describes her as the tutelar saint of *carpenters*.

The river St. Lawrence is named from the Spanish Laurentius, a celebrated martyr of the third century; of whom it is told that when asked to deliver up his *treasures* collected together all the sick and poor people under his charge and declared those were his treasures.

If the teacher has time to look up a little bit of the history and geography of Canada it will be the better for the lesson. In a volume of *Young Days* some years ago I wrote a short account of Moore, with brief selections from his songs. I have not a copy by me, and do not remember the date. The Men of Letters biography (Macmillan) is excellent. Good editions of Moore's Melodies, with music, are published by Novello, and Boosey.

XIII.—Boys and Girls of the Bible

Isaac (Gen. xxii, 1-19).

H. FISHER SHORT

The Bible is the most wonderful volume in the world's literature. Among the great books of religion it has no equal. It tells us more about God than any other book. But it is supreme in another sense. It tells us more about man than any other book. As a dictionary of biography it is unique and unrivalled. But, strange to say, whilst it contains a great deal concerning the lives and characters of men and women, it says very little about boys and girls. The people with whom it deals do not appear to have been interesting or important until they were grown up. However, as in a crowd there are usually some young folk, so in the multitude of people who crowd upon the pages of the Bible, if we look closely we shall find just a few boys and girls. It is not our intention to talk about all of them: we shall pick out here one and there one and devote a brief paper to each. The present lesson will be a short study of the first Bible boy of whom we read anything full enough to be of interest. And before we finish, I think you

will agree that what we read of the boy Isaac is of great interest.

Let us begin by asking, Who was Isaac? He was the son of the patriarch Abraham and Sarah his wife. You will notice that all three are known by one name only. In their day and for many centuries afterwards, people had only what we call christian or baptismal names. In our day, boys and girls have always at least two names: a christian name and a surname, the surname being the same as that of their parents. But though children of those far away days were given but one name, the name was carefully chosen, and always, or nearly always, represented something connected with the boy or girl to whom it was given. This was certainly true of Isaac, whose name meant 'the laugher.' How did he get such a curious name?

Both his parents were very old. His mother was ninety, whilst his father was a hundred. And when they knew that they were going to have a child they were greatly amused. We read that Abraham 'fell upon his face, and laughed,' and that Sarah 'laughed within herself.' And when the boy was born, the mother said, 'God hath made me to laugh, and everyone that heareth will laugh with me.' Thus the child received the name Isaac, or 'the laugher.' And now let us see what happened to the boy with the curious name. We read that one day God came to his father and said, 'Abraham!' and the old man answered, 'Here am I.' And God said, 'Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, even Isaac, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.' Cruel as was the command, and much as it would pain him to slay his only son, Abraham placed obedience to his God before his own feelings. And so he rose early in the morning, saddled his ass, prepared a bundle of wood, and, accompanied by Isaac and two men-servants, set out to perform his heart-breaking duty. On the third day of the journey, Abraham saw the place where God desired the burnt offering to be made, so leaving the ass in the care of the servants, he and Isaac went towards it, the father carrying a pan of fire and a knife, the boy bearing on his shoulders the wood. Does not this last incident remind us of Jesus carrying the cross on which he was to be offered up a living sacrifice to the great cause of truth and love? But Isaac was not a man of sorrows; he was a happy hearted boy, and, after the manner of boys, he probably talked about all sorts of things as he walked beside his father. Suddenly he became serious. There was something missing. Had it been forgotten? 'My father!' he cried. And Abraham answered 'Here am I, my son.' And the boy said, 'Behold, the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?' Poor father! what could he say? He could only evade the question, so he said, 'God himself will provide the lamb for a burnt offering, my son.'

At last the divinely-selected spot was reached, and with a sinking heart Abraham proceeded to obey the terrible command of his God.

First of all he built an altar upon which he carefully arranged the wood. Then he stripped his son, fastened his arms and legs, and laid him upon the wood. Everything was now ready. The awful moment of sacrifice had come. Standing beside the altar, the unhappy father stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his own son. A moment more and he would be childless. But before he had time to strike the fatal blow, he heard a voice from the sky calling his name. 'Abraham! Abraham!' It was the voice of the angel of the Lord, and the patriarch answered, 'Here am I.' And the angel said, 'Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.' As he listened to these welcome words he saw that his own words had come true. The Lord had indeed provided a lamb for himself. For there in a thicket hard by was a young ram entangled by the horns. This Abraham quickly secured and offered instead of his son. And he called the place Jehovah-jireh, which means 'The Lord will provide.' Then the Heavenly Voice spoke again and said, 'By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son: that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which

is upon the seashore ; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed : because thou hast obeyed my voice.'

Such is the story of the boy with the curious name. But is it a true story ? you may ask. It is not true in the sense that history is true. Some of the incidents may have happened, but the others certainly did not happen. And yet there is a sense in which the story is true. Just as we Sunday school teachers tell our scholars fables and parables to help them to understand the laws of life and conduct, so the Jews told this and other stories to their young folk to instruct them in the truths of religion. And the lesson in this instance was plain ; namely, that unqualified obedience to God was imperative and would always prove to be right. We notice, however, in this old story, that Abraham is the central figure, and that Isaac is only a necessary adjunct. But for our purpose Isaac is the more important and it is his obedience rather than his father's that claims our notice. But are we justified in speaking of Isaac's obedience ? Let us see.

In the story there are some gaps which have to be supplied. We are not told, for instance, whether Isaac struggled or rebelled when his father bound him and laid him on the terrible fire which had already begun to burn. Two things, however, we are told which enable us to infer that he offered no resistance. First, the little talk about the absence of the lamb plainly indicates that the relations between the boy and his father were very tender. The dialogue is brief, only a sentence on each side, but it suffices to reveal the father's affection and the son's simple trust. Second, there is the fact of Abraham's great age and consequent feebleness, while the lad who carried the wood for the sacrifice up the mountain side, must have been strong and vigorous. We may assume, then, that though Isaac may have been puzzled and even greatly afraid, he yielded to the wishes of his father and was obedient even unto death.

And this is the great lesson all boys and girls may learn from the boy with the curious name. 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' ran the old Hebrew commandment. 'Children, obey your parents,' was the message sent by the great early Christian Evangelist to some boys and girls of the early Christian Church. And this is the duty of boys and girls at all times. Nay, if they love their parents, it is their delight. Moreover it is a delight which grows with time. Instant, unquestioning obedience, the expression of loving trust, is one of the great secrets of happiness. It makes for happiness in the home. It gladdens the hearts of parents. It helps in the making of noblest manhood and sweetest womanhood. And the boys and girls who obey the father and mother whom they see, grow into men and women who, like Jesus, know how to obey the loving Heavenly Father and Friend whom they cannot see, but whose presence they feel wherever they go.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BOANERGES

BEN BOLT

THE man swung down the lane with his kit-bag as one who knew his road, and as he passed me with the severest of 'good mornings,' I turned in our country fashion to take stock of him. His broadcloth suit, his white tie and clerical hat, told at once that he was a minister, the stern face with the close-set eyes that I had noticed as he passed suggested the fanatic, and as I continued my stroll I fell to wondering who he was, for visiting ministers are rare indeed at Larkchurch. My curiosity, however, was soon set at rest, for up the lane I came upon John Whitmore at his work as a stone-breaker, and as soon as he saw me he pushed the protecting goggles from his eyes, and I knew that he was on gossip bent.

'Marnin', zir ! '

'Good morning, John, it's very fine and warm.'

'You be right, zir ; et's won'ervul vine an' warm ! A-a-a did 'ee meet anyone up the le-ane just now ? '

'I met a minister—a stranger to me.'

'Iss, zo 'e would be, zo 'e would be ! 'E haven't a-been to the village zince 'ee came to live here, I reckon. 'Tis Elijah Bishop.'

'What, Farmer Bishop's son ? '

'The zame, zir, neither more nor less ! An' a won'ervul vine preacher by all

accounts. He'm gcin' to preach down to the chapel on Zunday, an' I reckon there'll be a terr'ble shaking among the dry bones, vor 'e'm not one as do hold wi' slackness. Will 'ee be comin' to hear en, zir ? '

' Maybe, John, maybe ! ' I answered in a non-committal way, for being myself somewhat of a Laodicean I did not find the stonebreaker's description of the Rev. Elijah Bishop re-assuring.

But as on Sunday morning the slow stream of worshippers set steadily past the church gates towards the little white-washed chapel, I followed—to be in the fashion—and crept into a dark corner under the gallery, whence I could both see and hear, without being myself too conspicuous. Whatever may be the truth about prophets being without honour in their own country, Larkchurch Chapel was filled that morning by people who had known Elijah Bishop from his boyhood, and before he entered the pulpit even the three chairs from the vestry had been requisitioned and placed in the aisle for people who could not find seats elsewhere. The two chairs inside the communion rail were already occupied, so that there was absolutely not a vacant seat in the whole building when the service commenced.

I am not going to attempt a description of the service. The man was what I had thought him to be—a fanatic, and the stone-breaker's anticipation of a shaking among the dry bones was not a mistaken one. He preached the most undiluted Calvinism—perhaps the most terrible of all creeds, and preached it exultantly, with a fierce ecstasy that (as I am sure) carried a conviction of despair to more hearts than one of those who heard him. His voice rose and fell between the two extremes of a roar and a sob, and all the time a sombre light burned in the narrow eyes, before which as they met in a passing glance the eyes of many in the congregation fell. The stillness of the congregation was intense, a strange oppression sat upon us all, and for my part I was glad when the sermon was ended and I could watch Farmer Bishop handing the collection plate around, betraying in every line of him the pride he felt in his son, and yet with a troubled frown gathering about his eyes as if the zeal of his house was almost too much for *him*—as it certainly was for me.

The service over we gathered in the street to watch the preacher leave. There were old men there who had known him as a baby, but who stood in such visible awe of him that until he spoke to them they did not dare to recognise him ; one or two of them even touched their hats, and scarcely a single one of those who addressed him did so in the natural and familiar manner of the countryside. He had outgrown us and our simple ways, and I think we were all relieved when he marched off down the street with his father on one side and Mr. Fowler, the steward, upon the other.

' A powerful mover of souls, zir ! ' said the stone-breaker, who stood at my elbow.

' Very ! ' said I.

' An' what a wirlwhind ov a man 'e be vor zure ; but there I d' s'pose the Lord 'll have need o' such, though vor my part I—' His voice trailed off into silence with the thought unfinished, and the remark made by one standing near seemed to indicate that to do so was unnecessary.

' Just zo, Jan ! just zo ! '

The morning experience having been more than sufficient for me, who am as indicated something of a Laodicean, I did not attend chapel in the evening, but on Monday morning I made it my earliest business to stroll up the lane and interview the stone-breaker.

' Good morning, John ! '

' Marnin', zir ! Have 'ee heeard the news ? '

' News ! What news ? '

' About 'Lijah Bishop ! But I zee 'ee haven't ! He was late for chapel last night—near half-an-hour late too, an' the like has never happened to Larkchurch before ! '

' How did it happen ? ' I asked.

' Nobody d' rightly know, zir ! There be all zorts ov tales goin', but how much truth they d' stand vor I don't know. But I do know as how Varmer Bishop showed up to chapel vive minutes laate wi'out the minister, an' stared like one stricken when he heeard that 'Lijah hadn't come. " Never mind " he says, " I expects he'll be here in a minute. I thought he had preceded me." But vive minutes goes by an' then ten, the Varmer and the other stewards growin' more and more fidgety, then a light seemed to come to Mr. Bishop, an' he goes up to young Zam Vowler an' says, " Here, Zam, cut along

to the little spinney at the end ov the twelve-acre veild an' zee if the Rev. Elijah be there. I expect he've vorgot the time or vallen asleep! Go quick an' ef 'ee bring him I'll give 'ee a shillin', no less!"'

'Well, zir, wi' that Zam runs off zo vast as he knows how, an' the congregation sings a hymn, an' sure enough presently Zam comes back wi' the minister racin' by his zide, carryin' his wide-awake in his hand an' wi' a bunch o' cowslips tumblin' all ways to once in his button-hole!'

'Was he asleep?'

'Noa, zir! Zam found en lying in the sunshine by the spinney, wi' his waistcoat wide open an' a cowslip in every button-hole, an' a big bunch in his coat zame as I told ee, he was chawin' one too, havin' it stuck in his mouth zame as any lad on the country-side might have, an' just as Zam goes down the field he picks up his wide-awake which was lying by his zide an' wi' a laugh shies it at a rabbit which happened to come out ov the spinney. Terr'ble undignified I d' call it, a-Zunday too!'

'Terr'ble!' I agreed. 'And after?'

'Why, when Zam comes up to en an' tells en we up to t' chapel be waitin' he stared like one shot vor a minute, then he rushes for his hat and after that raced zo hard to t' chapel that Zam had terr'ble hard work to keep up with en, an' he that anxious vor to earn the Varmer's shillin'. An' zo he reached the chapel more than vive-and-twenty minutes laate, an' the congregation waitin' all the time. But the zermon, zir, the zermon ee never heeard the like!'

'Was it—fiery?' I asked.

'Virey! Noa, zir! 'Twas zo sweet as blowin' clover, an' *that* mellow! The congregation forgot how they had waited, an' when the service was over there was such a handshakin' as I never did zee. He'd a pleasant word vor everybody, an' just brimmed wi' kindness. I never zeed such a change in a man i' all my born days! 'Twas like as if the Prophet Elijah had been turned into the 'Postle John! I wish ee could have heeard an' zeean en, zir.'

Privately I wished so too, and then still seeking information I asked: 'What do you think caused the change in him?'

'I don't know, zir. He hadn't a-been nowhere but down by the spinney in the twelve-acre field among the cowslips and the rabbits, an' when one of the leaders mentioned it to the Farmer, he didn't know nothin' except that 'Lijah had gone out after early tea to think out his evenin's discourse an' that's how et stands. But the zermon was won'ervul, zir, won'ervul!'

The Rev. Elijah Bishop stayed with us a fortnight, and so great was the change in him that I cultivated his acquaintance myself, and we became quite friendly. On our first meeting after that eventful Sunday I noticed that the hard stern look had gone from him, that his face had grown rounder and more boyish, though that, of course, may have been the milk and eggs and country air; and somehow the narrow-set eyes seemed to be wider apart. And when he preached on the second Sunday I heard him again and can testify that the change in his manner of preaching justified all that the stone-breaker said of it. That was two years ago; but it was only the other day, over a pipe as we sat in my garden, that my friend Elijah told me the secret of this change, and then only in a stumbling and fragmentary way.

'. . . . That afternoon I went out to think of my sermon. The text was "*The wicked shall be cast into Hell!*" I sat down at one edge of the spinney. . . . . The throstle was singing, and every now and then a blackbird fluted to his mate. There were larks, too, and a ring-dove cooing in the wood . . . . everything was joyous and—and . . . . How could I think of Hell with the cowslips bending their yellow heads all round me, the horse-daisies swaying in the wind, and all the hedge-side mauve with blue-bells? . . . . I tell you it was a good world, a happy world, and I felt like Francis of Assisi, and all the birds and flowers were my brothers and sisters. And then I tried to think of the wicked and of the spouting flames of Hell . . . . and couldn't. The world seemed to me to be full of Love . . . . bursting with it, you know, and I thought to myself that all this was but the merest reflection of the unutterable love of the Eternal, and that love couldn't hold a Hell such as I had believed. . . . . You can't know how I felt . . . . but I just gave over thinking about that text, and listened to the birds and plucked flowers. . . . I suppose I forgot the time, but my text and sermon came to me as I ran to church . . . . '*God is Love*,' I preached from, and I've never preached

Hell-fire since. You won't understand, it but . . . .'

I did. And I thank God that in that smoky northern town where he works my friend is now able to preach that Gospel of sweetness and light which is the Love of God and which shines through all beautiful and growing things.

MUSIC IN OUR SCHOOLS

WILLIAM WOOLLEY

Before proceeding to my subject, 'Music in our Schools' (with special consideration of Sunday school singing classes and choirs), I must tender my sincere apologies to Mr. Jenkins for having made use of his article as a 'peg' on which to hang my own. It was a most helpful and inspiring contribution, to which I feel much indebted; and, in introducing into my paper some of its suggestions, I do so with a sincere appreciation of their value.

An exhaustive survey of the ground which the subject covers, which should take in the special circumstances and needs of all our schools, would be clearly impossible. Approaching, somewhat abruptly, the question of Sol-fa books in two-part harmony, for special purposes, as suggested in the last issue, I admit that such tune-books would be very serviceable, and certainly beneficial and educational. The expense, however, of publication for such a limited demand might prove an obstacle. The two-part harmony would require special arrangement, and a full staff tune-book with accompaniment would be necessary for instrumental purposes. Not having had any experience of small junior Sunday schools, and being entirely in the dark as to the kind of tunes Mr. Jenkins would desire to see arranged in two-parts, I cannot enter into this subject with confidence. My connection with large Sunday schools, in many of which about forty-per cent. of the scholars are over sixteen years of age, has filled me with a growing but unfulfilled desire that full vocal harmony and a plentiful supply of tune books should be an ordinary feature in our schools. A general use of the two-part tune-book in small schools would leave the male teachers and adult scholars quite in the cold. Might not the encouragement of part-singing among these neglected males be a means of retaining them much longer than usual in the school? Two-part singing by children is very effective, and its judicious use, with a right classification of voices, may tend to awaken and foster, even so early, a real appreciation and love of vocal harmony.

Junior classes might be formed for this purpose, and for preparation for the Tonic Sol-fa Elementary Certificate. These classes would be, and have proved to be, excellent means for building up or feeding adult singing classes.

Two-part singing by children on special occasions would certainly be effective. In my long experience of day school, Sunday school, and junior class music, I have always felt amply rewarded for my efforts by the beautiful results obtained from two-part singing. I think, however, that in a large Sunday school where full harmony, by choir or singing class, is the rule the sweet singing of the melody of a special hymn affords a pleasant and acceptable contrast. I said *sweet* singing; and here I am brought face to face with an interesting but difficult subject. 'Love's blind, they say.' Love, I suppose, is also *deaf*; for many people, in their natural love for children (which we all share), are oblivious to the fact that, in the matter of musical tone, little girls' voices in song are not invariably beautiful. There is a wide difference between the toneless sort of bleat, bleat, yap, yap of the unrestrained, uncultivated voices of some children, and the thrilling, penetrating sweetness and delicacy of others. And yet, with early and continuous attention to the delicate 'thin' register of the child voice, there can be produced a miniature soprano voice with its own peculiar tenderness. It should be clearly understood that there cannot, as a rule, be both sweetness and power in the voices of children. There need be no individual selection of the children required for the special hymn singing. All girls from seven to fourteen or fifteen years of age, or suitable classes (when space is limited), might be specially trained. Boys whose voices have the necessary delicacy might be included.

An alternative plan to the special hymn,

and one which I am inclined to think produces a more impressive effect—provided the children have sweet voices—is the singing of specially selected verses in the general hymns. The verses should be those most likely to appeal to the child mind and lend themselves to varying shades of expression. In their preparation much attention should be given to expression, pronunciation, phrasing, and tone. The delicate pianissimo of children's voices is very beautiful and touching. Following the united singing would come, with subdued organ, the thrilling sweetness and tenderness of the children's voices. We seem to have turned from the busy highway into some quiet, shady valley, down which floats the blackbird's mellow piping, restful and soothing. Although I may appear to attach undue importance to musical effect, I am not unmindful of the religious feeling which should be interwoven with our Sunday school singing. In the careful preparation, and particularly by attention to verbal phrasing and expression, the children cannot fail to catch some of the meaning and spirit of the hymns.

I think most teachers find that any effort to improve the pronunciation of the scholars is largely a struggle with provincialisms. The difficulties of the north are, of course, not the difficulties of the south. For instance, quoting the examples given by Mr. Jenkins, no Lancashire boy or girl would sing 'Lawd' for 'Lord,' but, as near as possible, 'Law-errd.' Neither would 'spirit' be 'speerit,' but, if mispronounced at all, 'sperrit' or 'spurrit.' 'Courts' would be 'coa-errts,' not 'cawts,' and so on. It is here, in the provincial difficulty, that the vowels come to the front, the 'u' being particularly troublesome. If 'consonants are the soul of the words,' the vowels are the very foundation of good musical tone and voice-building.

The monthly gathering of the school for hymn practice would be an excellent plan, and one which for many years I have hoped to adopt in the large school with which I am connected. We have, however, previous to the Whit-Friday procession and field-day, an annual practice season of four or five Sundays, when new hymns are learned and many old ones revived. They are not taught by ear. The wearisome play-it-over-again system is still retained in some of our schools—a neglect of a great educational opportunity, and a waste of intelligent musical material seeing that singing from notes is now included in the curriculum of every elementary school. We use the annual collection of 'Hymns and Choral Songs' (Manchester District Sunday School Association), and the teachers and scholars are expected to provide themselves with a copy of the music, which is in both notations, an expectation which is loyally fulfilled; for this year in a school of about four hundred scholars and teachers, five hundred and fifty copies were bought during the practice season. Any suggestion of difficulty on the score of poverty will leave me quite unmoved, for is not that sleek, well-dressed boy, redolent of peppermint and lemon-drops, one of the last of the 'lookers-on'? At these popular rehearsals (for the attendance goes up by leaps) the school becomes one large mixed choir, the singing class and all the musical members of the school taking their 'parts.' These united attempts at sight-reading are of great educational value, arousing intelligent interest, and providing an opportunity, which no school can afford to throw away, of raising the musical standard of the school, and, in a more practical way, stimulating and bringing to light any dormant musical ability in the young men, which may be drawn out and cultivated in the singing class. This is the thirty-fourth consecutive year in which these useful penny annual tune-books have been used in the school. Their beneficial influence is far-reaching, spreading from the school to the home, and to distant shores.

Many years' experience of singing classes has served to strengthen my faith in the uplifting and refining influence of good choral music on all the adult members of the school. From this conviction springs my deep interest in our singing classes. After more than thirty years' continuous work on their behalf, I can assert with confidence that with an earnest leader, interested in the Sunday school, and the continued encouragement, sympathy, and support of the leaders of the school, a singing class will prove a valuable institution.

I will try to indicate the type of singing class to which I refer. Its modest name

has a juvenile suggestion about it, but 'What's in a name?' It is anything but juvenile; and it may surprise my readers to learn that it often includes among its members superintendents, teachers and officials, and retains many of its members after marriage. In spite of all temptations to assume the dignified title of 'Choral Society,' it still loyally clings to the unassuming name it received at birth.

The inception of a Singing Class may arise in various ways: first there may have been for many years a complete dearth of musical effort or influence in the school, whose musical necessities have depended on the kind assistance of outsiders. At last it dawns upon the minds of the school authorities that some central musical influence is desirable and necessary, and that they have been very remiss in not offering facilities for the cultivation of such a pure and noble art as music; second, some musical enthusiast may move in the matter, or, third, the movement may spring from the elder scholars themselves.

I will take the first and more usual method of procedure:—The committee will approach the elder scholars to test their feelings. The result being satisfactory, a teacher or conductor must be appointed. There will probably be little musical ability, and the class must 'begin at the beginning.' A competent paid teacher may in this case be necessary, if no member of the school is able or willing to undertake the work. The Tonic Sol-fa system may, advisedly, be adopted. Probably a large number of young people will join, but when the sense of novelty has worn off the 'beginnings' may prove too great a strain upon the minds of the less seriously inclined, who gradually fall away. Result: the survival of the fittest. The class, though subservient to the school committee, may have a separate management. There should be a small weekly subscription, to be expended on music, and, if possible or necessary, in payment of the teacher. With regard to the latter, the committee, having originated the movement, should take some responsibility, or difficulties may arise. The teacher or conductor will be responsible for the selection and preparation of the music, and a secretary will be required to manage the ordinary business of the class. The class, making progress, and being favoured, it is hoped, with a fair balance of 'parts,' will soon attempt some simple but thoroughly good part-songs or anthems to be given at a school party or special service, and later on give its first concert. The weekly meetings may be made very enjoyable, and the foundation for a genuine love of part-singing be laid. Soloists for the concert may be selected from the class, and though very trying at first to singers and their friends, these first attempts must be made. Much consideration and encouragement are now necessary, if the school is to have its future soloists.

The concert, being well attended by the well-wishers of the class, and, as a new sensation, by many others, the result is a success musically and financially. Further progress is made, more advanced music is prepared, and other concerts follow; but it may sometimes unfortunately happen that, when signs of permanence and self-reliance are shown, much of the original solicitude and support is gradually withdrawn. This is very regrettable, and may prove a serious drawback to the future progress and welfare of the class. Young people need and must have encouragement from their elders.

When we consider how the work of the singing class may be so largely woven into the spirit and life of the school, it is somewhat surprising to find what a small proportion of our schools possess such useful institutions. No doubt some difficulty may have been experienced in forming or retaining them. The Rev. W. R. Shanks, in 1895, writes: 'Sunday school singing classes are fragile ware at best, and usually come to fragments a session or two after birth.' That being so, it is all the more necessary that determined and sustained efforts should be expended on their behalf. Let us keep in mind the words of the old popular song, 'We never miss the water till the well runs dry.'

Singing classes may suffer at times from the attractions of more exciting forms of amusement or recreation either inside or outside the school. Many possibly come to grief, although under a competent teacher, because of a too exclusive attention to theory. The meetings should be made attractive, simple music being

attempted as early as possible to keep up the interest, and the members should not be looked upon as individual units, but be bound together by common aims and personal influences. I shall further on point out some of the happy results of this social union. Individual musical effort by the members is to some extent necessary, but the conductor cannot be expected to give special attention to them, although he may assist in the preparation of songs required for concert or cantata. It sometimes happens that a soloist who shows promise seeks special training, or receives it through the kind assistance of a generous patron. The choral work is of primary importance, and the music, while being of a high character, should be varied from grave to gay, and may include part-songs, glees, operatic choruses, anthems, choruses from oratorios and cantatas, sacred or secular. A suitable operetta or opera, well within the class's powers of performance and production, might be given occasionally. As there may be a little danger of impairing the taste for, and influence of, more substantial music, it would be advisable to resort to this form of entertainment sparingly and as a change or relaxation.

I now propose to summarise many of the advantages and happy results arising from a successful singing class in the Sunday school, or review its principal features :—

(1) It is the centre of the musical life of the school.

(2) It draws out and cultivates any musical aptitude or taste.

(3) It inspires a love for vocal harmony, and a taste for good choral music.

A singing class has amply justified its existence if it has inspired even in a few, such a deep-rooted love aud desire for part-singing, that 'when two or three are gathered together' under its influence, they must needs gratify so pure a taste by blending their voices together in harmony—a strong evidence of a love of music for its own sake.

(4) It goes on year in, year out, always having some special work in hand : providing music for parties, concerts, school and congregational anniversaries, and other special occasions ; its soloists are always at the service of the school.

(5) In summer the members strengthen social ties by holding an annual picnic, when, in the midst of nature, they gather together to sing their favourite hymns and part-songs, new and old ; 'many a time and oft' vigorously enquiring, 'O, who will o'er the downs so free ?'

(6) It will give ready help to any neighbouring school or congregation desirous of making a special effort.

(7) It will join with other choirs in United Festivals—those valuable sources of mutual inspiration.

(8) In some cases it replenishes the Church choir, or supplies a choir for the school services.

(9) At the opening services of the school it makes itself felt, whether grouped or not, supplying an element of intelligent musical confidence which lifts the singing to a higher musical plane.

(10) Many of its members, entering the class as mere youths, have largely through its influence retained a useful connection with the school, and become officers or members of the school committee. There are many instances of very long and faithful connection with the class.

(11) We often hear the Sunday school described as 'a second home,' but there can be no happier family than the singing class whose members are bound together by the good feeling which exists between them.

(12) Along with this social bond there grows an enthusiasm for the best choral music, and a desire for a high standard of attainment. It is, therefore, no wonder that in after years many old members, severed by 'mount and stream and sea,' recall with tender memories those happy weekly gatherings. If the conductor has the respect and confidence of the members, any show of discipline is unnecessary and quite out of harmony with the prevailing homelike tone and spirit.

It may not be out of place to give one of many instances of the deep and lasting impression singing class meetings have made upon old members. On the occasion of a re-union of past and present members of a large Sunday school, letters from old scholars in distant lands were read, containing special references to the singing class, still flourishing in its thirty-seventh year.

I give extracts from a letter sent by an old singing class member, who went to America some fifteen years ago :—

April 13th, 1909.

I well remember the time I joined the singing class, thirty years ago, and with what pleasure I used to look forward to the weekly meetings for practice. Those were happy days. I can see the conductor now, standing in front of the class, baton in hand, persistently endeavouring to wrest from the class the rendition of a piece of music according to his own lofty ideals.

I have a picture of the singing class, which was taken many years ago in front of the chapel, hung in my house, and the visitors who come to see me once in a while, from —— and other places, always turn their faces towards it as if drawn there by some unseen power, and the remark can always be heard: 'Ah! there's dear old ——, and there's good old ——'; and a good chat about dear old —— and its people will surely ensue; and then, of course, we have to sing all the old Whitsuntide hymns. Whitsuntide! Yes; then I am always with you. On Whit Friday I reckon up the difference of time between here and there, and start out with you in the procession; and a lump comes in my throat, as it used to do when we commenced to sing the first hymn at Mr. ——'s, 'From year to year.'

Although more could have been said on such points as: hymn tunes, new and old; tune-books and their general use; united choirs; voice training; choirs to help or lead singing; I must conclude my article, which is the outcome of real experience, and written under the influence of a firm belief in the uplifting power of good music on the young people of our schools.

OF BELLS AND BELL-RINGERS

AN ORTHODOX SUPERINTENDENT

The subjects on which one who is 'not of the household' may write are limited. But there is a problem of Sunday school life that is the same in every denomination. It began with Robert Raikes, and is still the first of our difficulties. It is the question of Discipline—shall we have order or chaos? It is the great problem of Noise or No Noise.

It need not be disputed—what some of our younger scholars would eagerly affirm—that schools are to be preferred that have the most noise and the least order. But that is essentially a scholars' point of view. The superintendent—usually an elderly or middle-aged man, already grown somewhat weary in well-doing, and with an unreasonable antipathy to turning the school into a juvenile bear-garden—is more than likely to have a different opinion. So each Sunday he commences the devotions of the day by a series of vigorous thumps on the school-bell. It is a sort of pæan to the god of silence performed with one finger, on one note. But alas! the god is often on a journey, and the poor superintendent has to go without a sign. That, in trying to reduce noise by adding to it, he has gone about his business the wrong way, hardly ever strikes him. He rings the bell because his predecessors rang it. That it is a piece of unnecessary ritual never enters his head.

My prejudice against bells (the observant reader will have discovered that it *is* a prejudice) is of long standing. It dates from that day in my callow youth when I encountered my first bazaar. I had paid sixpence to enter—it was the evening of the last day—and I had spent the first half-hour kicking my heels against the wall, in a corner well out of the way of the stalls and the flummery. Then my attention was called to a side show which announced that the 'Belle of —— Sunday School' was to be seen on the other side of a damask curtain for the modest sum of one penny. Probably some sub-conscious amatory feeling impelled me to enter. Considerably shamefaced, I paid my money. . . . I have hated the thing ever since.

Twenty years later I was elected superintendent. Then I took my revenge. The bell was abolished. Or rather, it was reduced from its position of importance. It still remains to ornament the desk. But its voice is seldom heard, and we get on very well without it.

There are many ways of getting silence in the school, but one of the most effective is to expect it. Let me describe the method I use. Immediately the scholars are assembled I take my place at the desk, entering from an ante-room, like the speaker at a public meeting or the minister at a service. I sit a moment looking round the school, and then rise to give out the first hymn. By this time about three-quarters of the scholars are aware that school is about to begin. The rest are probably talking, or at any rate inattentive. Without waiting for these, however, I go straight on with my announcement somewhat as follows: 'We

will commence—this afternoon's service—by singing—hymn—number fifty-six.' I begin this *in a low voice,* and make a slight pause, which is shorter or longer according to circumstances, at the points indicated by a dash. At each pause I expect to find that the school is becoming rapidly quieter. As the noise decreases I gradually raise my voice so that when I come to the number of the hymn I am speaking in my full natural voice. I do not expect all the scholars to hear the beginning of the sentence, any more than actors expect an audience of adults to hear the first few words of a play. The hush is always a few moments late in arriving. But, as I have said, the best way to obtain silence is to act as if you expected it. By the time I get to the number of the hymn it is usually possible for every one present to hear quite distinctly.

I have said that I begin in a low voice, and as this is a characteristic part of my method, perhaps a few words of explanation are desirable. The question of voice production is a serious one for the superintendent who, if his is a large school, can easily wear himself hoarse in a single session. But the low voice, if judiciously used, both relieves the strain on the superintendent and has the effect of quietening the school at the same time. But it must not be a mumble. The sound must be quite distinct and clear, just loud enough to reach as far as there is complete silence. Beyond that it should only excite curiosity. The use of a low voice has this further advantage: it makes the scholar's voice, if he happens to be talking, seem unnaturally loud by contrast. It obtains silence by consent, and that is the superintendent's greatest achievement.

This use of the low voice is the only trick that I consciously use. For the rest I depend entirely on my natural voice, only taking care that the enunciation is well marked. What I know on this subject has been learned in the hard school of experience. My voice is thin and not particularly strong, and the room I have to speak in is notoriously bad from the point of view of acoustics. I was warned that I must 'speak up,' and I commenced with a determination to do so. My first Sunday was an absolute failure. The second Sunday I tried even harder to make myself heard, but I could see from the puzzled look on some of the faces at the back of the room that I had not succeeded. At this point a friend came to my help with a bit of wise advice: 'Just try speaking naturally,' he said, 'and without any effort.' Next Sunday I fixed my eye on the furthest class and just spoke to them as if they and I were alone in the room together. I found that I had been heard 'fairly well,' even at the back. This experience taught me that shouting was ineffective. It was later that I learnt the further lesson that it was also vicious, and that, like bell-ringing, it defeated its own purpose. Now, instead of raising my voice when the school becomes noisy I drop it. It took time to train the school to understand this. But now the scholars know that noise on their part will not be pandered to. They have a superintendent who becomes inaudible on the slightest pretext.

To secure our scholars' quiet attention is our goal: and we shall have progressed a fair way towards it when we have abandoned our bells and given up shouting. But a superintendent does not live by negatives alone, and he will not succeed completely unless he persuades his scholars that when he speaks he will have something to say worth their attention. The quality of *expectancy* must be cultivated on their part. And this can only be done by the exercise on his part of a severe repression with regard to the matter of his speech.

It is a good rule with children and young people to cultivate a direct—an almost brutally direct—address. Avoid circumlocutions and stereotyped religious phrases. Scriptural tags (perhaps I ought to keep this advice for orthodox superintendents) should be discarded without mercy. A 'blessed word' in the opening sentence has spoiled many a promising address. Try—even if it requires an effort—to put all that you have to say into simple, straightforward English—words of one or two syllables preferred. Above all don't be long-winded. It is the worthy superintendent's greatest danger, and the best of us may slip into the habit unconsciously. A friend of mine once told me how he and his colleague had coped with the difficulties of a wet

Whitsuntide treat. 'We daren't let the children go to the field,' he said; 'so we kept them in the schoolroom, and talked to them an hour on end in the vain effort to amuse them.' But, dear man, he had not the slightest idea how vain it was.

In other words, as a superintendent be yourself. Remember that the scholars are human, and that, with the exercise of a little imagination, you can enter into their feelings and desires so as to be able to speak to them in a way they can appreciate. This is most true of our school prayers. Here there is no room for anything but your own simple experience put into words that children can understand. So do not be afraid of introducing homely and familiar facts into your prayers. Their lessons, the weather, their holidays and games, their homes and their chums—these make up the child's life, and they must be brought into his devotions if the child is to feel that the devotions are real. I gratefully remember the superintendent who said in his prayer—it was one 6th of November—'For the bonfires of yesterday we thank thee.' From thoughts like these it is easy to lead the young mind on to things deeper and spiritual. But the feeling of reality must be established first.

The ideal school is one in which the superintendent walks about on tip-toe, for fear of disturbing the scholars. Though brimful of activity, it should be a place where silence

> 'like a poultice comes
> To heal the blows of sound.'

Let the superintendent resolutely set himself to cultivate a quiet manner and all this is possible. Let him curb his tongue, and give up both bell-ringing and bellowing. But it will never be realised as long as he remains the noisiest person in the school.

TEACHERS' PREPARATION

JOHN C. BALLANTYNE

I am to send some remarks about Teachers' Preparation Classes, for the 'Quarterly,' which in itself provides one of our best aids to teachers in their preparation; and I gladly note down some of the experiences gleaned from class work of this kind in three different schools, where the method adopted was in each case the same.

But, by way of a preface, I should like to say that I have always found this branch of Sunday school activity a most valuable institution, surprisingly acceptable to the teachers, good in its power to deepen the sense of united purpose in the school, good in drawing minister and teacher together, and good, not only in giving unity to the teaching imparted, but in raising the tone and the efficiency of the whole school.

My first point must be that of the time for the meetings of the class. I am strongly in favour of holding these immediately after the school hour on Sunday. Yes, I know teachers require to get home to tea, and to return in time for evening service—bless them!—but will half an hour at the outside make an insuperable difficulty? And remember, it will save a night during the week! Try holding the meeting just at the close of school, when you have said good-bye to all the scholars, and have heaved your last sigh (ending in a laugh) over your 'human' boy. Sit down altogether round this table. You have fresh in your minds the difficulties of the work—and its joys: the questions of the children are still asking themselves within you: the idea, the thought, the spirit of the thing are present with you: you have your books with you: you are in the most receptive mood for this work. Let us take our note-books and begin; and, by the way, these sheets with 'headings,' may be of help: just make your jottings on them, will you?

Now the next lesson in the present series is—so and so and so and so. It links on, you see, to the one you have just delivered: nothing haphazard or slipshod, but the whole series co-ordinated and articulated. Have you ever waited eagerly for next week's issue of the 'Boy's Own Paper'? What if next Sunday's lessons were looked forward to thus by your scholars, each one waiting to gain further light on last Sunday's talk, and fresh interest in the good life, in the story of how grand a thing Religion has been to *you*?

I think the best method is, not to give a full lesson to the meeting, complete and rounded off, but to give a suggested line of thought, with ample illustration for

children of different ages, and then to leave the matter to the class. Each teacher is then encouraged to contribute to the work of the meeting. Miss Brown gives me an illustration suitable for my boys of nine ; Miss Dixon gives Mr. Smith a fine idea suitable for boys of fifteen, and so forth. And difficulties are discussed, and sometimes solved. The whole procedure need take only about twenty minutes.

Then during the week the subject simmers in the mind. In the omnibus and the train, new ideas occur ; the 'subconscious mind,' does its work ; and with final preparation at the end of the week, the lesson is stamped with the individuality of the teacher, and is ready for the uplifting of souls.

If, further, the superintendent treats of the same thought on Sunday, from a different point of view, and if he arrange his hymns and prayers and readings to suit, then I believe there will be a much greater chance of doing solid work than in the absence of such organisation and method. The children, of course, will not return to their homes possessed of a complete guide to all the moralities, but one thought will probably have made an impress upon their minds, and something —a hymn, an illustration, an aspiration, a resolve—will cling as a memory of the school hour, to echo the central thought of that afternoon.

It is better that the lesson should not always be brought forward by the same person : if the teachers could take it in turn to lay before the meeting the suggestions for a short series of, say, four lessons, much good would be done, and the interest would be sustained.

By such a method, opportunity is given for the interchange of ideas, illustrations, readings, books, pictures, etc. ; new teachers are helped as they could be in no other way ; aimlessness is removed, the school hours are planned and, therefore, profitable, and one step at least is taken in the practical recognition of the dignity and importance of the work of the Sunday school teacher.

See every day something worth seeing.
Read every day something worth remembering.
Do every day something for somebody else.
Charles Gordon Ames.

HOW TO MAKE A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL IN A COUNTRY TOWN

ALFRED SUTCLIFFE, B.A.

When I so readily consented to tell the readers of the 'Sunday School Quarterly' 'How to make a successful Sunday school in a small country town,' I fear I did not quite realise what I was undertaking. I find now that in acceding to the request of the Editor for an article on this subject I have not only presumed to know how to solve a very difficult question, but have actually promised to do what is beyond my powers. I am told by the Editor that the schools with which I have been connected have been a success, and that I might be able to say something that would be of service to other schools. Now, as the Editor can know little about the schools I have had to do with, except from a numerical point of view, I take it that he must simply have consulted the statistics of the Sunday School Association. Well, numbers are certainly not to be treated as of no account, but if I may be allowed the remark, I think they enter too largely into the consideration of these matters. In my opinion it is not by any means always the most numerous school that is the most successful and doing the best work. In very large schools it is almost impossible to get into that close touch with the daily lives of the scholars and take that personal interest in them which I deem an essential part of that which goes to make a really good and efficient school. Still, there it is, numbers in these days are made the criterion with most people, and we are to bear this in mind when speaking of the successful Sunday school.

Let me say at once that I know no royal road to success ; but as it seems to be felt that the schools have prospered with which I have been associated, I cannot do better, perhaps, than indicate how I think this success has been brought about, and also how it may be repeated in other schools.

In the first place, it is necessary to make the school attractive to the scholars not only on the Sunday but during the week. It should have the power to draw the scholars or success will not be gained.

Some twelve years ago, Crewkerne (I shall speak chiefly of this school in what I have to say) had an average attendance of some twenty-five scholars, now there are upwards of two hundred on the books, including between fifty and sixty over sixteen years of age (the average afternoon attendance for 1908 was one hundred and seventy-five), and for the past eight years during which I have been the minister I am not aware that any boy or girl has been sought out and asked to join our school, at least by any of the teachers. They have all come freely, of their own accord.

Chief attention should be given of course to making the school attractive on the Sunday. Let the atmosphere of the school be bright and cheerful and the lessons interesting. Much of our literature is too good—too high, always excepting such admirable books as 'Do the Right' and 'Half Hours with the Parables' for junior classes, and 'The Story of Religion in England' for elder scholars, and some others that might be named. To get suitable teachers is not seldom a serious problem, and ofttimes the only people that can be prevailed upon to take up the work are incompetent. I think, however, that the defects of teachers of this sort may be made less apparent if we do not try to exact too much from them. I advocate in such cases that after one or two chapters from the Bible (and I strongly urge that the Bible should be used in all classes) have been gone through by the class, unless books such as I have just referred to are in use, a good story, illustrating if possible the Bible lesson should be read by the teacher. The latter is always liked. The superintendent, who is often the minister, may suggest the kind of story to be given. Preparation classes for teachers are held during the week in some schools, but I doubt whether they would answer in a place like Crewkerne. If the teachers get the impression that they are not sufficiently qualified for their task they will feel that they must give way to others who are more capable. Such teachers, however, might gradually come to be better equipped if an effort were made to increase their interest by giving them a share in the management of the school affairs, and by having meetings, say quarterly, at which they should be encouraged to make suggestions as to the best way of conducting the school. But if they can keep order in their classes, and explain, where required, a Bible or other appropriate lesson there need be nothing further demanded, at any rate, at first. Short addresses periodically to the whole school by the minister or other suitable person, and the chapel services will do the rest. And here I would remark that all scholars should be encouraged to attend the chapel services. Let the sermon be especially addressed to them from time to time. Look them up when they are absent, for the less they attend the less they will care to. All our morning scholars after school go into the chapel to service, and we get quite a large proportion of them and others, especially belonging to the senior classes, at the evening service. The chapel services are kept constantly before them, and they are not allowed to forget that we want them to come. It is a capital thing to urge those over sixteen years of age to pay for sittings. Then put those who can sing into the choir; some might act as sidesmen, or hold other positions of usefulness. As a rule young people like something to do.

But in addition to the various activities of the Sunday, the work which must be undertaken in the week is also highly important. We have a class of young men over twenty years of age. There is an excellent lady teacher for this class, and there can be no question that the men like to attend on the Sunday because of the admirable lessons that are given; but there is another factor which counts. We have Cricket and Football Clubs which are extremely popular, and which I am convinced are a considerable help in keeping the young men together. I am strongly in favour of clubs of this kind for all our schools, for I am persuaded they are very valuable. If there are not enough scholars to furnish a full team, get a few outsiders to make up the necessary number, and by and by it will probably be found that the school is sufficiently strong to run these clubs itself. Let the junior boys form second elevens, and let matches be arranged for every Saturday afternoon. The minister may not feel that he can play football himself, but perhaps he can act as referee, and captain

one of the cricket teams, if necessary, or assist in some other way in these and such like games. Mixing with the young people in their sports has a splendid influence.

Then we have a class of young women, and here also we are fortunate in having an efficient teacher, and again the scholars come willingly because the lessons are what they like; but perhaps the thing that has helped to make this class a success as much as anything has been the Dramatic Society established some years ago in connection with it. Dramatic performances, which cost something like three months in preparation, have been given annually at the Town Hall by these elder scholars and other girls of the school, and have been wonderfully successful. I am certain that the 'getting up' and the giving of such performances must do any school good and tend to attach the scholars and increase their number. At Crewkerne (it was the same at Colyton, my previous ministerial charge) it is remarkable what prejudice has been broken down by these entertainments and how they have popularised the school and made it easier for us to get along. When I add that nearly seventeen hundred people paid for admission at our last entertainment, and that the ticket-money represented nearly £40, it will be readily conceded that a school that can do these things in a small town of 4,500 inhabitants cannot but be a power in such town and will scarcely find it much of a trouble to maintain its numbers and even to get new scholars. Of course all this presupposes there is some one who can teach acting and that there are those who are willing to work downright hard, for it means that; but I am sure if these dramatic entertainments can be done, and in the majority of places I believe it is possible, they are eminently worth the time and trouble of getting them up.

The largest and one of the most satisfactory classes of our Sunday school is the infant class. It is astonishing how well these little ones attend. We take them as young as they like to come. An effective way of maintaining regularity in attendance is to give those who are present and who are well-behaved a small text-card, and after a certain number of these have been secured, to add a larger one. These young people would rather forego a good deal than miss getting their text-card; as a consequence half the class were not absent once throughout 1908. I am constantly told by the parents that it is well nigh impossible to keep them away from school, so anxious are they to be present. The kind of teacher for such a class is all important. It must be one who is fond of little ones, has infinite patience, plenty of tact, and can be interesting.

In most schools book-prizes are awarded for attendance and conduct. Without doubt this has a good effect. The plan adopted at Crewkerne is to give no scholar a prize who is absent more than eight times throughout the year, and last year fully two-thirds made the necessary number of marks to qualify for prizes.

Then, especially during the winter months, let the schoolroom be open several nights in the week for games, such as bagatelle and draughts. Meetings of this sort are highly appreciated, and if managed properly are of real service in promoting the best life of the school. If we do not offer such attractions we need not be surprised should our scholars drift away to other schools that do, for they will go where interest is taken in them, and where they themselves can find pleasure.

In connection with our school at Crewkerne we have several funds called 'Outing Funds' to which the scholars contribute weekly, the money to be used for summer excursions. These are thought much of and are a means of binding the scholars to the school and of creating additional interest. We have also a Sunday School Savings Bank. Though I know this is nothing new, yet I believe it might with advantage be made more of than is the case, by some of our schools. Encourage all the children to pay into such a bank by offering them a little interest on their money. We give a penny in the shilling up to four shillings, and since this plan has been commenced the sum deposited has greatly increased, so that during the last school year nearly £70 was paid in. I am aware that this is nothing compared with what is done by some of our schools in large towns, but I am now speaking of a country school. Such a bank as this is useful in many ways, but one thing I might specially mention. It tends to keep any scholar settled and attached

who would otherwise perhaps be inclined to go from school to school, as we allow the money to be drawn out only once a year.

For several winters now we have had a Dancing Class. Doubtless there are those who would be opposed to such a class as not being quite in keeping with a Sunday school. Well, all I can say is that I have known nothing but good come of ours. The thing is to see that it is conducted in a proper manner, and in the case of Crewkerne the minister makes a point of being present. Those who have been prominently associated with this Dancing Class have been some of our most loyal scholars and quite a number of them subscribers to the chapel funds. Marriages have taken place among them, in every case these young people becoming respected members of the congregation.

I believe it is necessary to have such meetings in the week if there is to be success. Just coming together on the Sunday is not going to make a flourishing school, however laudable the work may be that is done on that day.

I admit that there are exceptional cases where it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to get together a numerous school, but generally it can be done if the right course is taken. But in any case it means hard work and persistent effort; in fact, this is the one secret of success. It cannot be done if there is half-heartedness and indifference, such as I have known in some of our schools, and one's efforts can never be relaxed; but given a minister who is heart and soul in the work, and one or two good helpers around him, and I should be greatly surprised if with some such programme of activities as I have indicated above anything but success was the result.

Our Young Men's Club—a correspondent writes—is to me the most important thing in the Chapel, that is, it takes first place in my thoughts, because it is small at present, because it has never had a chance to grow, because we are making efforts to bring life into that part of the work, because I see signs of dawning enthusiasm, and because the whole 'cause' at ———— will be entirely different in a few years if we can establish a vigorous Men's Club *with true religious zeal in its members*. The Sunday Class is the crux of the business, and interest is deepening there. One of the members is 'class secretary,' and he arranges speakers for the Sundays.

MY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

JAMES RUDDLE

Marcus Aurelius begins his meditations by telling us, or reminding himself rather, from whom he had received his many lessons in virtue. Who taught him to be manly, who to be generous, who taught him to write sensible letters, and who to avoid mocking people for their bad pronunciation. Most of us cannot trace our lessons so accurately. We only know that it has taken many lessons and much experience to bring us as far on the road towards goodness as we have come. But among those who have been distinctly helpful to us we always reckon our Sunday school teachers. We have sometimes been helped by their knowledge, sometimes more by their character; rarely can I recollect any teacher whose influence was not positive and good.

There was Mr. Solomon. (His friends knew him by another name, but that does not matter.) I only saw him on Sundays. Whether the paternal David was living, and whether he had also a son Rehoboam I never learned. But Solomon himself I saw and also heard with admiration. What did I learn from him? Several things, I am sure. This among other things: that when you give a boy a word of encouragement, you should not immediately balance the pleasure with a rebuke. Mr. Solomon was a great singer. It was he who sang the solos at the harvest festival, the school anniversary, and all the great occasions. From him I first heard the word *oratorio*, and knew that there was a great world of music to which I had not yet been introduced. He it was who brightened my young soul by asking me at the close of a school hymn if I did not know something of music. I coloured, confessed, and was happy. In two or three minutes after he delivered—apparently to all the class, but I thought otherwise—a philippic against conceit. He should have let me enjoy myself longer. But I soon forgot his lecture, and remembered only his question. And it was all the better. I had been noticed by a man who knew, and my zeal was aroused. In another matter also he aroused my juvenile curiosity. He mentioned the existence of some apocryphal

Gospels; he had read the Gospel according to Thomas; and regretted, he said, that he had not purchased the copy he happened to see in a second-hand book shop. Needless to say, the fact that there was a sort of New Testament Apocrypha somewhere was never forgotten. In short, Mr. Solomon's influence was that of a man whose knowledge and good sense could be trusted. I learned from him.

Very different was Mr. Boaz. I often saw him on week-days. Always alive, awake, and with the air of a man who gave orders and kept things going. On Sundays he was much less in his element. He did not understand naughty boys, and he told my friend B. that he had a very wicked heart. I did not believe it even at the time. I know now that it was not true. An admirable business man, a sound believer, a pillar in the temple, Mr. Boaz was lacking in most of the things needed for a Sunday school class. He sometimes read to us an ill-written Bible history; at other times he asked us in the precise words of his book, Where did Elijah then go? By whom was his life sustained? What did God command him to do? Alas, we did not know, and would not seem to know when we did; for the teacher had not interested us. Yet had we a certain respect for him. His punctuality was admirable. He always kept his word, whether of promise or threat. He never allowed a definite order to be disobeyed. If we did not learn precision and promptness and painstaking faithfulness from him, we ought to have done.

If my second teacher was an example of excellent qualities, partly wasted because other indispensable qualities were lacking, my third teacher was an example of the wisest mental economy. His outfit in the matter of learning was not great; hardly so comprehensive as Mr. Philemon himself believed it to be. But such as it was it all had its place. Every book he had read (they were really but few), every good speech he had heard, reminiscences of his own early days, traditional stories of his grandfather, anecdotes which he had heard of the shocking end of wicked people, all were used in their turn. Every lesson was diligently prepared beforehand; all available helps had been used; it was taken for granted that we should be interested, and we were; the teacher evidently believed that we admired him, and, it is pleasant to add, so we did. His was the reward that comes of whole-hearted effort. He devoted himself and all his best experience to the good of his class. The class in return rewarded him with exceptional loyalty. His limits were only due to lack of knowledge and a rigidly narrow doctrine. His theory of Biblical inspiration justified his occasional use of chapters that were not morally profitable. His theory of sin, atonement, and righteousness tended to limit his sympathies and pervert his judgment in regard to past, present, and future. But with all these defects he was able to inculcate something of the true spirit of religion, and his own steadfast devotion to the work he undertook, and his personal interest in the welfare of his lads were themselves an excellent commentary on the best lessons that he gave us.

These three are the teachers I best remember. Some recollection I have of the one who used, in what seemed to me an affected voice, to declare that *he loved children.* Like Joseph's brothers when they had heard his dream, I hated him yet the more. At that time I was too young to reason; just old enough to like and dislike.

I have also a recollection of one to whom the Sunday class was a sort of place for general chat. Things he had heard or read, observations he had made, and news that was being talked in the streets, were not diligently stored to be used by and by as Mr. Philemon would have used them, in orderly lessons, but were brought forward in a free and easy way, and given to us like unripe nuts for our digestion. We cracked them with a certain pleasure, and swallowed them without any sense of inconvenience, but I am doubtful now whether they were the best possible food for us. Yet if I tried to attribute to each one his share of good, I would say of him: from him I learned something of sociality, he taught me that Sunday is not too sacred a day for pleasant intercourse, and that after our hymns and prayer we may consider that a sort of absolution has been granted to us, and may go on with our lesson or our daily tasks without dread.

I have but imperfectly summed up my obligations to these teachers from whom I gained some of my earliest lessons. And

beyond and beside the teachers there was the influence of the Sunday school itself. The hymns, those which were intelligible at all, breathed the spirit of humility, of hope, and of faith. The habit of devotion and the expression of worship were of themselves a sort of constant grace that remained effective year by year, while teachers were changing and children were passing away. I do not know that the greater efficiency of the day schools has made Sunday schools any less necessary than they were in my young days; perhaps it has made it all the more imperative that the teachers should give themselves to the work with steadfast devotion and never-failing courage.

PRAYERS

(For Opening School)

HEAVENLY FATHER, may all thy children know thy blessing. As we gather here may we feel thy presence, and in the thought of things holy and pure, give ourselves to the work before us. Teach us to guard our lips; to submit our wills to thine. Remove from us what is evil and impure. Give strength to our good purposes. Grant that our resolves be right. In the thought of thee, and with hearts warming towards each other, let the work of this day go on. *Amen.*

O GOD, our Father, we lift up our hearts with our voices in praise of thy holy name, who hast watched over us in love, guided us safely through every path, and brought us together once again. We feel that it is good to be here. With glad hearts we meet again as companions, friends, and teachers, ready to renew our loyalty to one another, and to deepen our affection for this familiar place. But grant, O Lord, that we may now find the profit of useful instruction as well as the pleasure of happy fellowship. May we come with willing hearts and minds to learn more about thee, our Creator and Father, and all good men and women whom thou hast sent for our guidance. Show us how we may serve thee in return for thy goodness to us. Give to those among us who teach earnestness and zeal. Give to those of us who are taught a desire to learn, that no lesson may be in vain. And upon us all this day, teachers and scholars, let thy blessing rest. Amen.

OUR heavenly Father, who art very near to us at this time, as at all times, and who lovest the praise of children, we remember thee with thankfulness for all thy goodness to us. Thou hast given us everything that makes us glad to live—the health and strength of our bodies, the freshness of our minds, the fair green fields beneath our feet, the changing beauty of the sky above our heads, the song of birds, the loveliness of the flowers, and, most of all, that unselfish care of others which brings us more happiness than all things else can bring. We call to mind the blessings which the least of us enjoys through the gracious brotherly labours of Jesus Christ, and of all who have lived in his spirit. The world is happier for their unselfish love and labour, and we would learn to show our gratitude to thee by trying to be more like them. Teach us these things we beseech thee. During the time we shall spend together here teach us what we can do for thee, that we may help to bring nearer thy kingdom. Amen.

(For Closing School)

ALMIGHTY GOD, who knowest our hearts, give us health of mind and strength of body that we may do our work for thee. When we are tempted to go wrong, to neglect our loved ones, to escape our duty, do thou quicken our understanding that we may know ourselves as thou knowest us. Save us from ourselves; put away from us selfishness, vanity, and bad temper; lead us to show sympathy for the sorrowful, to comfort the disappointed, to encourage the downhearted. May we learn of thy son Jesus Christ, and be worthy to be called sons of God. *Amen.*

MOST holy Lord and Father, who hast given us all good thoughts and all good examples for our guidance and happiness, grant that the words our ears have heard this day may sink deep into our hearts; and that we may go on our way better for having met together. Teach us that though we part from one another we cannot go from thee. Thou, O Father, wilt be near us in the work our hands will find to do, in the pleasures we shall seek, in the homes to which we shall return, and in every

path of our feet, and thou seest and knowest all. Keep us ever mindful of thy presence. And grant that the thought of thy kind watchfulness over our needs and thy desire for our service may help us to be pure and true in our thought and conversation, kind and helpful in all our deeds. So may we become more truly children of our Father in heaven and disciples of Jesus Christ. Amen.

ALMIGHTY and everloving Father, accept our thanksgiving for this pleasant hour of re-union now drawing to its close. Grant that all our hearts may have been strengthened in love and friendship for one another while we have been gathered together to teach or to be taught. Grant also that we may carry away with us to our homes, and into our work and our play some thoughts of thee, and what we owe unto thee for thy goodness to us, which will be of help to us when we are met by any temptation to do wrong, or by any trouble. Keep us safe, we beseech thee, from all dangers until we meet again. More than all, keep us safe from sinful thoughts, words, and actions; and help us to remember the things that are pure and true and good, in the spirit of Jesus Christ our Master. Amen.

THE WORK OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

ION PRITCHARD

What is the future of the Sunday School?
What is the chief reform needed to-day?
Is more or less Bible Study needed?
Are parents doing their duty?
Do ministers as a whole meet the situation?

The above questions or rather problems are set forth in the Annual Report of the American Sunday School Society, whose headquarters are at Boston. These problems might well have appeared in our own Association's report, for they are subjects which possess immediate interest to all connected with Sunday school work. It should be borne in mind, however, that an Association can have little to do in the way of solving the problems. The solutions must be the work of each individual school.

The first question, 'The future'—this must depend upon the condition of things in 'The present,' and this will vary with each school.

The second question, 'The chief reform needed.' What different replies would be given by the various schools: one wanting a new building, another has the building but wants the scholars, another wants a new superintendent. Perhaps another wants a new set of class books; in this last case I hope an effort will be made and the want supplied.

And so on with the other questions, each to be answered according to the varied requirements of the schools. My purpose in placing before my readers these subjects is to suggest them as matters for conference at teachers' meetings for the forthcoming autumn and winter seasons.

The greatest need of the day, says Dr. Horton in his report, is that of a Field Secretary who shall visit the schools and inspire them with enthusiasm for the work. A costly experiment, but one which our American friends intend to try. In some measure the Association has already done something in this way, and many of our schools will remember the visits paid to them and the lectures given by Rev. Thos. Robinson and later by Rev. Frederic Allen.

The Sunday School Union sent out Mr. Archibald, whose courses of lectures were attended by many teachers from our own schools. And lately I saw an advertisement in one of our leading papers stating that a travelling lecturer was required competent to speak on Sunday school work, salary £300 and expenses. The idea is no new one, and given the man or the woman, and the money—the latter though of great value but secondary in importance—the Sunday School Association might well be asked to undertake such a missionary enterprise.

There is one department of our work to which I should like to call the reader's attention, one which so far has not been much recognised possibly because its existence is not known. A certain number of ladies and gentlemen, authorities in their branches of work, have offered to act as Reference Correspondents, and would be very glad to do so. Their complaint, if it may be so called, has been not of the many seekers for assistance and advice but rather of the sinecure nature of their appointments. I am therefore

asking the editor to insert the following notice. Sunday school teachers and senior scholars who may desire information on any of the subjects set forth below are invited to write to the friends whose names and addresses are given.

Biblical and Theological Study: Rev. F. H. Jones, B.A., Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square, London, W.C.; Rev. H. Shaen Solly, M.A., Alexandra Road, Parkstone, Dorset. **Books and Elder Girls' Classes:** Miss Alice M. Colfox, Westmead, near Bridport; Miss E. Gittens, Salisbury Road, Leicester. **Girls' Clubs:** Miss Titford, 21, Beresford Road, Highbury, London, N. **General Methods and Arrangements:** Mr. J. Chadwick, 6, Stanley Grove, Sale, near Manchester. **Infant Class Management:** Miss G. Spears, 31, Crescent Road, Crouch End, London, N. **Lantern Lectures and Lessons:** Rev. J. J. Wright, Woodleigh, Old Hall Lane, Leigh, Lancs. **Pictures and Illustrations:** Mrs. Rawlings, 30, Knightland Road, Upper Clapton, London, N.E. **Rambles and Science Classes:** Rev. T. Robinson, Caswell, Albert Road, Hale, Cheshire.

WITH THE DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS:

NORTH CHESHIRE

ALBERT SLATER

Familiarly known as the 'North Cheshire,' the North Cheshire Unitarian Sunday School Union is very often confused with the 'East Cheshire,' whose full title is the 'East Cheshire Christian Union for Missionary purposes.' The latter deals with churches only, and the former with Sunday schools. Situated in that part of the Cheshire Tea Pot which forms the spout, both draw the bulk of their support from the same towns, but both run over into the neighbouring counties of Lancashire and Derbyshire, although not always in the same direction. As a consequence the 'North Cheshire,' with fourteen schools has eleven whose churches belong to the East Cheshire, while the latter, with nineteen churches, has eight whose schools do not form part of 'North Cheshire.'

Formed in May, 1863, with five schools, the Union was established 'for the improvement of its various members as far as practicable by means of social and religious meetings, lectures, papers, etc,' and these objects it has sought steadfastly to carry out.

Its rules are few, and for many years it has confined itself to four assemblies each year, namely, a meeting in January for the discussion of a paper on Sunday schools or kindred topics; a Conversazione in April when excellent musical and dramatic entertainments have been given by the members of the school visited; a picnic in July; and an annual meeting for the election of officers, followed by a paper and discussion, in October. For two years the paper at the October meeting has been replaced by a Musical Festival. The two held have been very successful, and the Festival bids fair to be placed among the permanent gatherings of the Union.

Partly perhaps on account of there being four meetings only during the year, the attendances must be considered very good. For over thirty years the number present at any gathering has never been below fifty, while at the first Musical Festival the number was over five hundred. The average attendance for many years is over one hundred and fifty. In its early days the Union evidently had to struggle hard for existence, as the Minute Books eloquently testify. The teachers of one school in 1866 having expressed their intention to withdraw, it was resolved, 'That a letter be sent to them, acquainting them with the object of the Union, and with the unjustifiable procedure in thus withdrawing.' They, however, went out, and remained out for eight years, when a deputation being appointed to wait upon them, they repented, and were received back into the fold.

In 1867 a resolution was passed to the effect 'That it be thought consistent to keep on the N.C.U.S.S. Union,' a silent witness to the state of the Union. In 1868 again, a resolution was passed 'That certain schools be written to and requested to become more devoted to the work of the Union,' and in 1869 the following was passed, 'That the schools be requested either to take on a more animated interest in the Union, or to abolish the affair altogether.' To-day, there is no likelihood of any such resolution being put upon the agenda for many years to come. True, a despondent note has been struck at many of the meetings, several speakers harping on the difficulties and disappiontments of their work, but an antidote was found in a recommendation made in 1901 by the

optimistic editor of the 'Sunday School Quarterly,' then a member of the Union, 'That for three years no speaker shall grumble at our meetings, but all shall endeavour to give hopeful experiences and to encourage other workers.' The three years have passed, but the spirit of the recommendation still lives, and the meetings, albeit difficulties have to be touched upon occasionally, are meetings of encouragement, and many veteran teachers have placed it on record that they go from our meetings filled with renewed enthusiasm for their work. What memories the meetings bring! Was not Thomas Cottrell always expected to set the ball rolling for discussion after every paper? Could not Rev. William Harrison be depended upon to raise a smile during some portion of his criticism? (The mantle seems to have fallen upon the shoulders of Rev. B. C. Constable). Could there be a picnic, unless William Woolley was there to wield his baton when the Whitsuntide Hymns were being sung? Has not Rev. H. Enfield Dowson held the members spellbound during his addresses, until loud and continued applause has broken the tension for the time being?

The statistics of the officers of the Union are interesting. Prior to 1896, when the rule providing for an annual change of president was made, the Union had, in the previous thirty-five years, elected five presidents only, and of these Rev. H. Enfield Dowson, our Bishop, held the office for twenty-seven years. Rev. Noah Green filled the office of vice-president for nineteen years, and then became president. At present the office is held alternately by minister and layman, the latter including ladies, of whom two have already worthily occupied the position.

There have been six treasurers only, John Jackson having held office for the long term of nineteen years. The office of secretary has known fewest changes, there having been only five during the history of the Union. All earnest Sunday School workers, Mr. Wright Booth was the first, followed by Messrs. J. Ashworth and J. T. Spedding for short periods; Mr. E. B. Broadrick, my immediate predecessor, and the son of the first president, held the post for fifteen years, and I was appointed in 1886. Let me record here, that in 1907 I was the recipient of an illuminated address, signed by all the ministers and officers of the schools in the Union, and a case of cutlery, on the completion of twenty-one years as Secretary, and that I am thankful to be able to record that I have not missed one meeting of the Union since my appointment.

In its lectures and papers the Union has sought to keep abreast of the times. Naturally the first record is of a paper on 'The Objects of the Union.' This was followed shortly by 'A Model Scripture Lesson' and a paper by Mr. Dowson on 'The Teachers' Manual'; among other titles we find 'The New Elementary Education Act and Sunday Schools' in 1872. 'Examinations in Sunday Schools,' 'The Necessity of Retaining Secular Instruction in Sunday Schools,' 'The New Sunday School League,' 'Christian Endeavour in Sunday Schools,' 'Boys' Brigades,' while the last was entitled 'The Sunday School, a Flower Garden.'

The Union used to appoint visitors to its schools; and for some years carried on an Examination Scheme, the most successful year being 1877. In 1889 the question of presenting to teachers certificates for long service was discussed, but the scheme fell through for financial reasons. The idea has been carried out by the Manchester District Sunday School Association through the generosity of Mr. C. C. Grundy, and at the first distribution, out of one hundred and thirty-four granted, sixty-seven of our teachers received medals for service of twenty years and upwards. This is highly creditable to the schools of the Union, since our schools numbered only fourteen out of the eighty then forming the Manchester District Sunday School Association. The Union has a scheme for exchanging class books and has circulated a graduated list of religious teaching.

These are but brief memorials of the work, but they will tend to show that the Union is alive; it has not yet attained all its ideals; there is room at its meetings for more; it will only be satisfied when it sees all the teachers active supporters, but as far as lies in its power it is trying to carry out the spirit of its founders and it has done a good work when it has sent even one teacher back with heightened enthusiasm, with renewed faith in his work, and a deeper determination to 'Trust in God and do the right.'

BY THE WAY

We Never Know (Liverpool Booksellers Co., Ltd., 6d.)—Sunday school workers often need for festive occasions short plays, irreproachable in sentiment, easy of manipulation, direct in expression, and of simple dramatic action. To them may warmly be commended Mr. J. L. Haigh's little play 'We never know,' which in an effective manner tells the story of the perennially beneficient uncle—not him of the Lombard sign—who rewards faithful love and all the qualities therein implied, by the promise of protection, and the assurance of competence.

The play is written in rhymed couplets and abounds in sentiment of a worthy order. Its preparation for presentation will afford amateur stage-managers room for the exercise of their gifts; for there are possibilities in this 'simple play,' as Mr. Haigh modestly calls it, which with an intelligent cast might be realised in a telling fashion. We commend the play to our schools.

* * *

My Sunday Schools.—*Cephas* has come in for some criticism, and the Editor has received a protest against the inclusion of such an article in a magazine intended to help on Sunday school work. When the walls of a house are in need of repair it is often necessary, if we may judge by what we have seen, to get down to the foundations. Those whose houses need no such repairs cannot altogether understand the case of those who have to make these fundamental alterations, but it is well not to say to the man in his difficulty that he has made things out to be worse than they are. He may at laest be supposed to know the truth of what at last he has revealed to the passer-by.

All our correspondents, however, do not feel alike on this article. One valued friend writes: 'You may be interested to know that an orthodox Sunday school teacher, to whom I sent a copy of your latest number, has written me a criticism on one of the articles which I had not marked or called attention to: "That article on 'My Sunday Schools' is a caution. I am not altogether out of sympathy with the views expressed therein, and I feel I should like to read it at our teachers' annual gathering, but what a storm of indignation it would arouse! . . . One would think, to hear some Sunday school superintendents talk, the schools of to-day came up to the ideal.'

We have had other communications, but those based upon experience more than balance the others, and the conclusion may be drawn that many schools by no means reach the ideal. We would encourage the workers in these, in whatever denomination they may be, to take energetic measures; it is surprising what can be done by those who know what they want doing.

* * *

Hymns and Choral Songs.—An excellent selection of hymns has been printed and circulated, and soon after Christmas there will be an opportunity of learning what the musical composers have been able to produce in the way of new tunes.

* * *

Our Sunday Schools. J. Gunn, M.A., D.Sc. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, 2/6).—This is a good book, whose appearance indicates the growing interest in Sunday schools. Dr. Gunn discusses his subject reverently and discreetly, but shows no inclination to admit that Sunday schools are all that they should be. The Sunday school, as an agency in religious and social education, is crude and undeveloped. It must become more than a 'nursery of the church,' in which the pupils are taught the theological doctrines of their elders. It must be a school for life, and its object the formation of character. On the assumption that the Sunday school has to teach religion on the basis of Biblical knowledge, Dr. Gunn urges that there should be greater recognition of the amount of Biblical teaching given in the day schools, and that Sunday school teaching should start from the syllabus in use in the day schools of any district. We should like to hear of classes being formed for the reading of this book. The chapters on 'How Children Learn,' 'How to Teach a Lesson,' and 'The Value of Instruction,' are admirable.

* * *

Rev. Ramsden Balmforth, of Capetown, in an Open Letter to Religious Liberals in South Africa, writes as follows:—

Each one of us, wherever he may be situated, has certain positive religious duties. While we need not, and should not, proclaim our religion from the house-tops, we should not hide our religious convictions, nor be unnecessarily silent about them. Sometimes it is a duty to speak out, to let people know where we stand, to protest always with courtesy, but without contentiousness, against bigotry and theological narrowness. We have a battle to fight against error and superstition, against indifference and selfishness, against wrong ideas of God and man and human life. To be silent when we ought to speak out leads to insincerity, and eventually, to hypocrisy. It leads people to think that we agree when we do not agree. Wherever we are let us try to create a standard of thought and life which others may follow, rather than timidly and silently follow a conventional standard which we feel in our hearts to be wrong. To do this effectively, union is necessary. To know that others, however few, think as we do, gives us courage and strength. Why, then, in every South African town and village, wherever two or three Liberals may be gathered together, should they not meet regularly for mutual intercourse? Why should they not meet, say, at one another's homes on Sunday evenings to read a sermon from Channing, or Martineau, or Dr. Stopford Brooke, or Brooke Herford, or the Rev. R. J. Campbell? I am sure they would find this a means of mutual help and a step towards clearer and firmer thought.

* * *

Sunday Schools in other Lands is a general topic upon which we hope to present an article in each issue. Dr. Cressey has discoursed upon the American Sunday School (see No. 1), and Miss Wilson tells of the school at Des Moines, Iowa, in the present issue. One of these days we hope to have something of the story of our school at Auckland, N.Z., where Rev. William Jellie, B.A., is minister. There came to hand recently a copy of the service paper used at the anniversary services held on June 27th last. Most of the hymns are to be found in the various collections used in England.